YANK

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By the men . . . for the men in the service

SOUVENIRS FROM BURMA

A YANK Artist's Front-Line Sketches From Guam

PAGES 2-3-4

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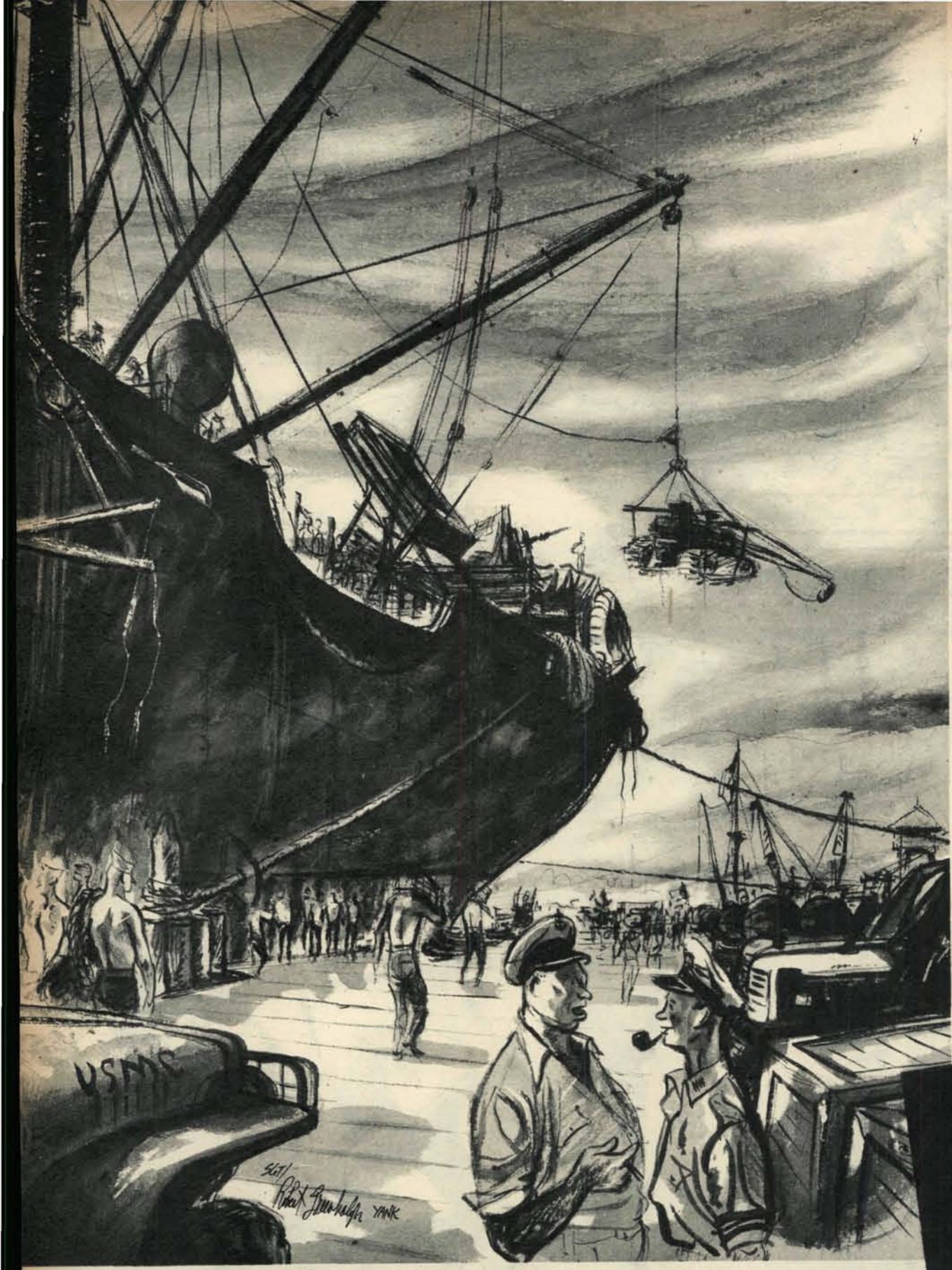
Sketches of the Guam Campaign



Getting ready for the Guam show: A Liberty ship is loaded with supplies for the assault on the island.

Pennant flying from radio mast, an amphibious tank moves into position. Men look out from open hatches.

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Marines, relieved from one sector of the front, move on to another combat zone through the town of Agat

A Pack Howitzer Message Center is housed in a Guam mansion. The runner has just arrived from the front.

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Wounded ride back from the front on a tank.

Four Marine riflemen search out a Japanese sniper's nest.

Sketches of the Guam Campaign

Marine with automatic in shoulder holster.

Weary Marines rest in the rain and mud of Agat town on the fourth day. The men flop anywhere in the ruins as their lieutenant talks to the MP at the far left.

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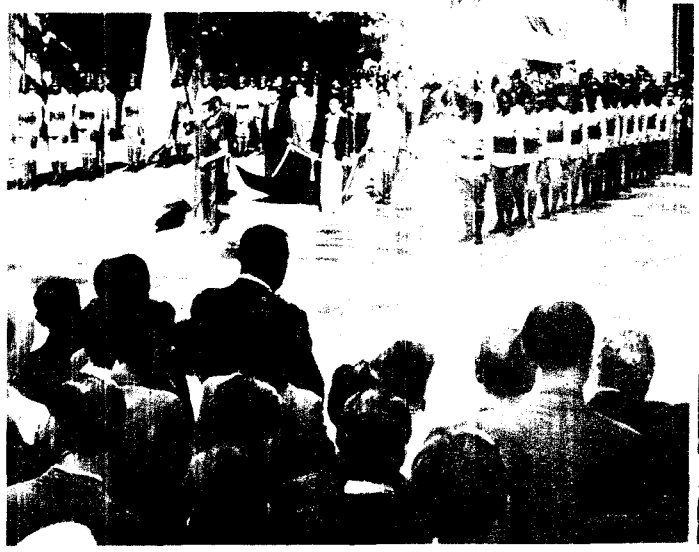
PATRIOTS' FUNERAL

By Sgt. HARRY SIONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOUTHERN FRANCE — Paul Dumont and Leon Frallon were young men of Tourves, a small town in the heart of Provence. Dumont was a bauxite miner, Frallon a photographer for a Marseilles newspaper. When the Germans overran France, Dumont and Frallon took to the hills, like thousands of other patriots, to fight the enemy and wait for the Allies to come to their aid.

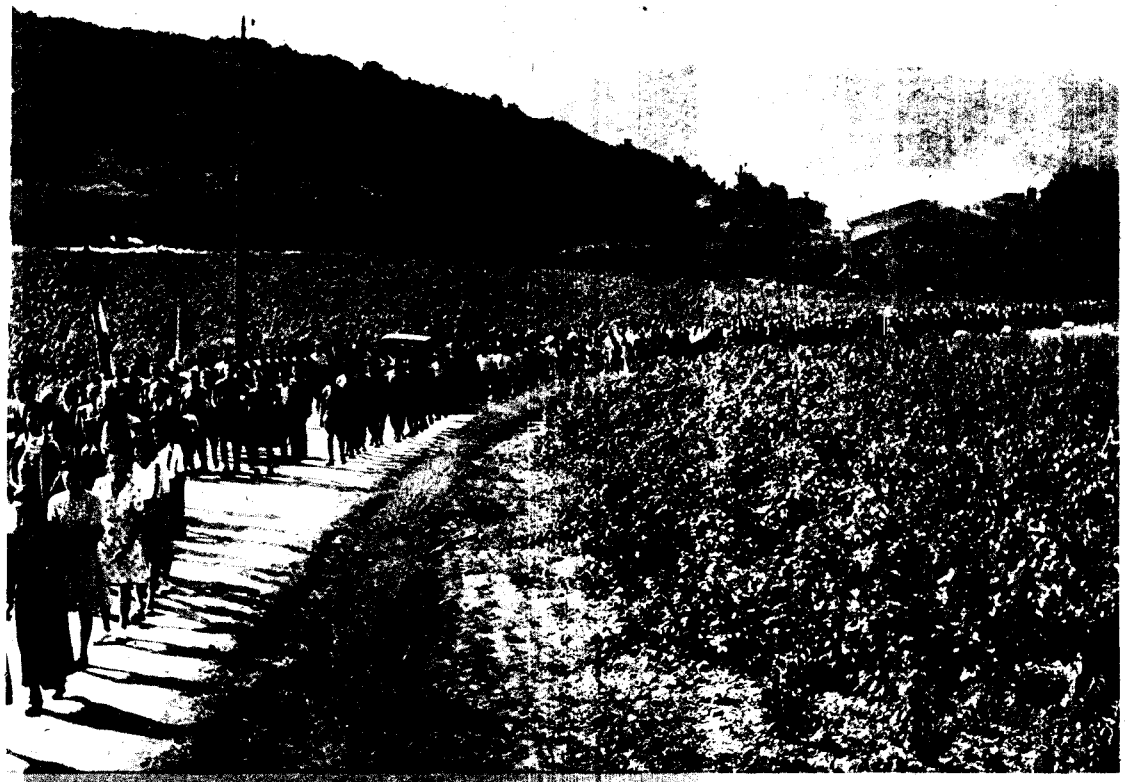
Soon after the landings in southern France, a regiment of the 3d Division fought its way close to Tourves. Dumont and Frallon volunteered as guides, pointing out German supply dumps, gun emplacements and minefields. The regiment liberated Tourves and swept inland. Dumont and Frallon returned to the hills to hunt enemy snipers and stragglers. Townspeople found them dead—shot through the head by the Germans.

Two days later the people of Tourves gathered to pay their final respects to the slain patriots.



1. Funeral services are held at the Town Hall at 10 A. M.

2. Colonials and FFI men guard the casket



3. Truck carrying caskets is escorted to cemetery by cortege of townspeople and patriots.

4. Townsman blows taps as uniformed honor guard stands at attention

Other fighters of the French Forces of the Interior and colonial troops from Madagascar formed an honor guard for the caskets. Throngs of citizens filled the town square. Among them stood Paul Dumont's kid brother, weeping but proud, and Leon Frallon's fiancee, her face so set it seemed beyond grief, her hand clutching an FFI carbine. In the distance boomed the heavy guns shelling Toulon.

As the Town Hall clock struck 10, friends of the dead placed flowers on the tricolor-draped caskets and the town priest (also the FFI chaplain) sprinkled holy water and said a prayer.

A small truck, followed by a cortege of the townspeople, carried the caskets to the church, where the priest read the funeral mass.

From the church the procession made its way through vineyards up a hill to the cemetery. Here, close by a monument to the World War dead of Tourves, the caskets were laid to rest. The newly elected mayor, leader of the local resistance movement, delivered a funeral oration, ending: "Adieu, comrades. We will never forget you and the cause for which you died."

Then the FFI men of Tourves went back into the hills to track down the last of the Germans.

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5. Dead man's fiancee pays last respects.

6. Villagers leaving cemetery console the bereaved

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Yanks at Home Abroad

Building a Russian Base

AN EASTERN COMMAND BASE, RUSSIA—The crew of a Fortress, coming in for a landing here after bombing a German target on a shuttle raid, may not see any Russian women or Cossack cavalrymen down below. But the lusty efforts of the women and Cossacks, combined with the work of the advance party of American GIs, made possible the swift completion of the preliminary skeleton airfields.

One chilly morning an Air Forces sergeant, waiting for a labor detail promised by Russian headquarters to help him plant telephone poles for the new airfield, heard the chant of feminine voices. Looking up, he saw a formation of women, dressed in the Red Army uniform modified by a skirt, make a column right around a brick building. The formation halted near the sergeant and the marching song ceased with the final step.

A woman officer approached the sergeant and said in English: "These are the soldiers who will put up the telephone poles."

A little ill at ease, the sergeant looked over his detail, and his detail looked him over. The women, he noted, carried rifles slung over one shoulder and shovels over the other. Getting hold of himself, the sergeant explained to the woman officer how he wanted the job done. It was done exactly that way.

After that, the women soldiers set up the row of pyramidal tents that were to house the American personnel after their arrival in Russia. They flattened the roads and filled craters so that trucks could bring supplies to the fields. They helped lay the steel matting for the runways. They did, the GIs agreed, everything that men could have done.

It wasn't until later that the Cossacks came into the picture. One night Russian headquarters needed some emergency labor to unload a trainful of American heavy equipment, scheduled to arrive at a railroad station at any minute. The handful of GIs waiting at the platform heard the neigh of a horse in the distance, and then the sound of other horses coming down the road.

It was a detachment of mustachioed Cossacks. Bound back to the rear after front-line service, the cavalrymen had been rerouted to handle the freight. They dismounted, herded their horses together and stacked their arms.

Right about then the train came in, and soon freight was sliding out of dark cars and into Studebaker trucks that rumbled off into the night. By morning the dust had swirled on the road under the hooves of the departing cavalry.

—Pfc. THEODORE METAXAS
YANK Field Correspondent

Rod and Gun in Peru

PERU—GIs at an air base here wish their training had included close combat techniques for use against an opponent who knows more tricks of retreating than Rommel—the deep-sea tuna.

On a free Sunday, these GIs can hire a native fishing boat for less than it takes to buy eight beers at the PX. Some come back with a mess of tuna big enough for an Army truck to carry. Others return with hands cut to the bone, having learned the hard way that they should have asked a native to teach them the ropes.

An inexperienced fisherman is surprised to find the tuna letting itself be pulled in like a dead sheep. But surprise is a mild word for what he feels when the tuna gets close to the boat and then takes off like an express train. Some GIs hang onto the line for dear life and the line scrapes the skin from their hands like a potato peeler. Natives wear down the fish by letting the line out, hand over hand, and a smart soldier who doesn't know the tricks hands the line to a native when the emergency comes.

For soldiers with a yen to be Daniel Boones, there are deer in the mountains 50 miles away. Even when you don't bring home the venison, the hunting is a welcome break from routine. In this part of Peru, the season for deer hunting is never closed.

To get native guides for a Sunday trip, you have to send a "telegram" into the mountains by burro a week or 10 days beforehand.

Sgt. J. C. Gaw of Woodbury, N. J., says: "We usually leave on Saturday afternoon in a borrowed car stocked with supplies for camping out. We travel across miles of hard-packed desert sand and meet the guides, each with a horse or burro, at the foothills. When I went out the last time, we camped in a bowl-like canyon. We made a fire and had broiled steaks and fried spuds. Then we turned in for the night, under blankets and mosquito netting."

The mountains are criss-crossed with game trails. Deer tracks often lead mile after mile down canyon floors, over ridges and up one mountain side after another. It is much easier to find the trails than it is to find the deer. Now and then a GI with a good guide and some experience in stalking brings down a buck.

—Sgt. JOHN HAY
YANK Staff Correspondent

The Army's Hide

AN ALEUTIAN BASE—Beefing against the GI way of life has become such a habit with one soldier here that he gives the impression of being *with* but not *in* the Army. He never misses a chance to show his distaste for the whole set-up.

One rainy day this gruff character was unchesting his latest gripes to a jeep driver while riding to work. There was a leak in the jeep's top and rain was trickling through onto the passenger's feet.

At the end of the trip the driver got out, but the other GI sat there, with a disgusted look on his face. Pointing at his rain-soaked Army brogans, he grumbled:

"Look—it's dripping all over *their* shoes."

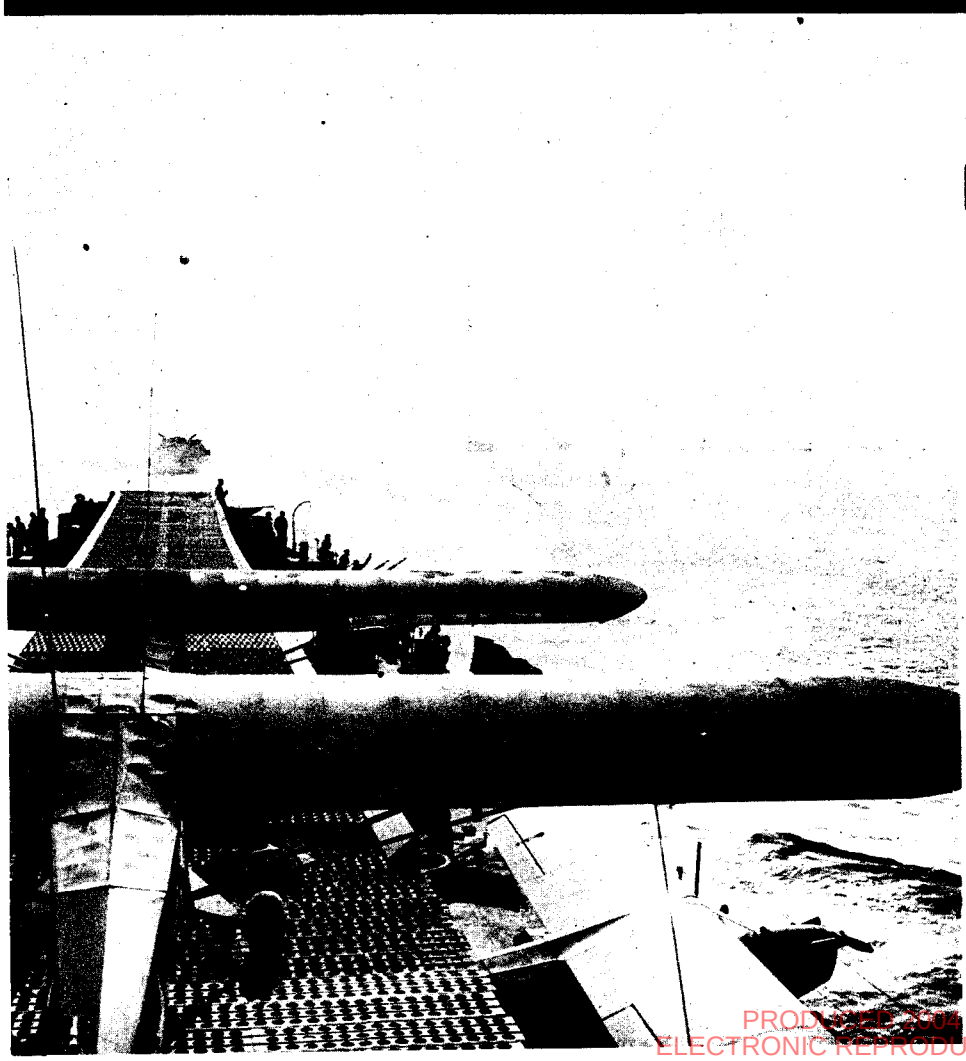
—Cpl. JOHN HAVERSTICK
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

AT an air base in India, Sgt. Earl Rivard pokes his head out of a bamboo hut and displays souvenirs he picked up behind enemy lines in Burma. He wears a Jap field cap, holds a small antipersonnel bomb in his right hand, a pilot's "honor" dagger in his left. At his elbow is a piece of a Zero.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Lou Stoumen. 5—Sgt. George Aarons. 6—Left, Sgt. Aarons; right, Sgt. Stoumen. 8—INP. 9—Upper U. S. Army; lower, Signal Corps. 10—Sgt. Aarons. 11—Acme. 12—Upper, Cpl. Joe Cunningham; lower left, Acme; lower right, Signal Corps. 13—Upper left, Sgt. Eugene Ford; upper right, Acme; center & lower left and lower right, Signal Corps; center right, Cpl. Cunningham. 14—Acme. 18—Signal Corps. 19—Upper right, U. S. Navy; center right, Signal Corps; lower left, Stuttgart AAF, Ark.; lower right, Stockton Field, Calif. 20—RKO Radio. 23—Upper, PA; lower, INP.

LST FLAT-TOP. This Coast Guard-manned LST has been converted into a carrier. From its deck operate Piper Cubs, baby Army artillery observation planes.



DOUBLE CHARM. Ann Sheridan (right) and Mary Landa meet Maj. Gen. C. L. Chennault of the Fourteenth Air Force during a recent tour of the CBI Theater.

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Study in Sound

Relentless barrages of artillery are hard to take but long hours of silence in a forward position are even tougher on the nerves.

By Pvt. JUSTIN GRAY

ITALY—It was a hot day in mid-September. We had expected that Italy would be cooler at that time of year. We had been fighting for 15 days—defensively, merely holding on to a thin peninsula of land that jutted into German territory, holding until the army to the south could reach us. We held the high ground, a mountain ridge. Behind us we could see the invasion armada supplying the main army at Salerno. There were thousands of ships, thousands of men. Ahead of us great naval guns shelled Naples and airplanes bombed the valley below us. But we were isolated: two Ranger battalions facing what seemed to be the entire German Army.

At first the Jerries had attempted to beat us back. Failing this, they subjected us to an almost continuous mortar and artillery barrage. We were vulnerable. They knew exactly where we were. We had to dig in and take it, and we couldn't fight back. Directly below us we could see a constant stream of German trucks on the way to Salerno to meet the main invasion thrust. At first we tried to harass these convoys, but now we no longer dared to go down into the valley. We didn't have the strength. All we could do was cling to the ridge. Our light mortars couldn't reach the German positions.

A few of us had dug a cave. We tried to play cards, but after days of sitting under artillery we were all too tense. When would they send us help? It was long overdue. They told us we'd be in Naples in three days. It didn't look as though we'd ever get there. We were all nervous. Someone remarked: "Gee, I wouldn't mind getting a little wound. Get the hell out of this blasted artillery. If it keeps up much longer I'll be a Section 8 for sure."

We all remembered that young kid Cato a few days before. He burst out crying when he saw an infiltrating German come at him. He yelled: "What'll I do? What'll I do?" Then he was dead. That artillery did things to you. We weren't scared so much, just tired—tired of hugging the ground, of not being able to fight back. We'd been told not to duck when we heard the screaming of the shells; it would be too late. But we ducked anyway. Even the almost silent pop of the mortars was frightening. The sharper sounds of the artillery were always bad. We got to know exactly where a shell would land and played games, calling the shots.

It all seemed so futile. I'd have given anything to get out of it, to do something different, get another job, get moving. A combat patrol, maybe. Anything. Anything at all. Lucky the Germans didn't know how close to cracking we were. I wondered if I could stand another sleepless night. It would be the fourteenth. I knew I couldn't last much longer.

That evening four of us got a break. We were called down to the CP and told we were to guard a mine field that night, about a mile and a half in front of the lines. We were anxious to go. Lt. Davey briefed us. At dusk we were to lay a series of mines completely covering the road leading to the pass. The position had already been picked. We were to cover the mine field with a light machine gun. Our mission was to fire as long as possible at any units that might attempt to infiltrate through the mines. Our firing would alert the Rangers.

The situation was not too clear. To cover the field effectively we had to set up the machine gun in an exposed position. To our left was a steep cliff some 80 feet high. Directly to our right the terrain broke sharply into a 50-foot drop. If we were attacked, we would have no place to go for cover. Even so, it seemed better than sitting on the mountain under artillery.

We collected the necessary equipment and just before dusk we started out warily. We were burdened with a machine gun, ammunition, rifles, mines, grenades and a few blankets we were able to scrounge. That was another break: we'd have blankets on this job. The nights were cold even if the days were hot. We carried no food. Ammunition was of greater importance. Along the way we laid the wire for our field telephone.

In an hour we had arrived, and everything was set up. The mines were laid and the machine gun was in position. The four of us decided to team up in pairs. There were still 12 hours before dawn. That meant six hours a team.

Rona and I took the first six hours. It would be a long vigil, but at least the artillery was going over our heads. We could see the shells landing in the positions we had just left. Rona swore softly: "Those poor bastards up there." He and I sat down back to back, next to the machine gun. The other two rolled up in blankets and went to sleep immediately. I had to smile. They had complete confidence in us.

I had done this many times before. It didn't seem like a very difficult job. It demanded a lot of self-control. Sitting back to back for six hours. Not saying a word. Not smoking. Not even chewing gum. Just searching with your eyes and ears for any movement that might give away the enemy. It was dark now. And way off in the valley I could hear the almost constant hum of German motor transports rushing supplies under cover of night. The sound was irritating.

Then the moon came out suddenly, breaking over the mountain. It made us feel so exposed. I began to worry just a little bit. A child could have dropped a hand grenade on top of us from the cliff to our left. We certainly had chosen a stupid position. Jerry couldn't help but see us.

We were supposed to report back to the colonel's CP every hour. We couldn't talk on the phone. We just tapped on the mouthpiece, and they knew we were all right. That bastard on the phone back in the CP thought we needed a little morale and insisted on spitting out an endless stream of dirty stories. It was disconcerting. We couldn't listen to dirty stories and to the rustle of leaves at the same time. At last we shut him up.

My imagination started to work. Trees began to take human shapes. Scraping leaves on the ground sounded like footsteps. Two birds making love in a tree below us sounded just like an Army. I wanted to throw a grenade, but that was out of the question. We had to be silent at all costs. I began thinking of the time I was out West on a ranch, when I used to guard the camp against bears. I began wondering if the Germans had gotten in behind our position, between us and the main lines. If they had they'd surely find our telephone wire and trace it down to us. What if the Germans counterattacked and pushed the Rangers back to the sea? We would be trapped. We could never get out. I thought of a million things that could happen to us.

My rear end started to go to sleep. I just had to move. But Rona was as silent as ever, so I didn't dare. I could tell whenever he got tense. His back would stiffen up against mine, and I'd hold my breath so as not to interfere with his hearing. I didn't even dare swallow my spit; the sound would have seemed deafening. "Jesus," I said to myself, "I thought it was tense under the artillery fire. At least there we were all sharing it together." I didn't like the isolation. What I'd have given to get back to my company. This was much harder on your nerves than the solid hammering of the artillery. I wondered if I'd have to do this again tomorrow night.

We could hear spasmodic firing back at the lines. I wished I could fire a couple of rounds with the machine gun. The noise would have been satisfying. It was too quiet. I'd be glad when dawn got here.

Our six hours were over. We woke up Stancil and Nichols. They took our place, and I tried to go to sleep. But it was no go. I was too tense. No sounds. No artillery. I couldn't sleep. I just had to sweat out the dawn.

By 0700 we were back at our lines. I began to feel nauseated and seemed to have a temperature. Suddenly I felt very weak and began to vomit, sweating. I could hardly move my legs and arms. I reported to the doc. He gave me a dose of medicine. Then they packed me into a jeep and drove me down to Maori on the water front.

The Rangers had taken over the largest Catholic church in town as their aid station. It was hot. The ward was stuffy. But sick as I was, it looked like something out of a Hollywood movie about the first World War. They carried me to a cot in front of the altar. The altar itself was covered with bandages and medicine. There was one American nurse, a beautiful girl. She was being helped by a number of Italian nuns. I looked around. One soldier was crying in the corner. A nun tried to comfort him. Another was getting blood plasma. The nurse washed my face with alcohol. It cooled me off a bit.

I suddenly realized that it wasn't as quiet as I had thought. The naval guns had opened up. The shells sounded like freight trains right overhead. The whole building shook. But I felt safe. Up on the mountain we had been so far from everything. This clearing station seemed to be a link with home, with the rest of the world. The noise was deafening but comforting. They were our guns, our shells. I fell asleep.

Justin Gray's story is a report on one of his combat experiences. He fought with the 3d Ranger Battalion in Sicily and Italy.

Back to back for six hours. Not talking. Not smoking. Not even chewing gum.

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STILWELL: The GIs' Favorite

Our newest four-star general is a tough, plain-speaking soldier who won't allow "Officers Only" signs on cafes in his theater.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Writer

GEN. JOSEPH W. STILWELL, the U. S. Army's newest four-star general, is as regular and down-to-earth as the scuffed GI shoes he wears when tramping through the Burma jungles.

Known among his men as Vinegar Joe or Uncle Joe, he is no glamor-boy general. He's a tough, frank Old Army man who hates Japs with unwavering intensity. One day during the Hukawng Valley campaign a frightened Jap prisoner tried to shake hands with him. Scorning the outstretched hand, Gen. Stilwell snapped: "Not with you, you dirty bastard!"

In the field, where he prefers to be, Stilwell is no collar-ad for what the well-dressed West Point man will wear this season. His usual uniform is a mud-stained field jacket with no rank insignia, ordinary GI pants and leggings, topped off with either a battered felt Infantry campaign hat or a Chinese Army cap.

What goes for Gen. Stilwell goes for his men. They wear clothes best adapted for jungle fighting, without fear of being eaten out by some very GI superior. Uncle Joe justified such departures from military custom with a typical Stilwell explanation: "We're out to win battles, not dress parades."

More than once Gen. Stilwell has been hailed as "Hey, Mac!" by a private who failed to recognize him without his stars. The general recalls with relish the time he was returning from Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill's bivouac four miles off the Ledo Road. A pack-mule company of Merrill's Marauders, moving up, forced Gen. Stilwell's jeep to the side of the narrow jungle trail. The general, inelegantly garbed in a Chinese cap without insignia and with a carbine between his knees, was spotted by a GI, who turned around and shouted back to his companions: "Hey, look! Duck hunters!"

Another Marauder approached Stilwell's jeep, rested his carbine on the fender and asked: "How far is it to the bivouac area?"

"About four miles," Stilwell replied.

"Holy hell!" the GI hollered. "Couldn't they build the damn thing a little closer to the road? What's the use of having a road if we can't use it?"

Stilwell smiled and, turning to his aide, observed with obvious pride: "These guys are really tough."

DESPITE his 61 years, Gen. Stilwell is the walkingest general in the U. S. Army. Since last Christmas, when he arrived in Burma to direct the Chinese troops there, he has made almost daily trips to forward positions. Most of those trips are on foot because the narrow jungle trails stymie even jeeps. Uncle Joe sets the pace on all hikes. He keeps to a steady 105-steps-a-minute stride with a 10-minute break each hour.

On many of his trips to the front, Gen. Stilwell spends the night with U. S. liaison troops who work with the Chinese. He stretches his jungle hammock between two trees and sleeps there with his clothes on, just as his soldiers must do to ward off the clammy moisture of the Burma night. He often joins in the bull sessions of the corporals and privates as they brew a nightcap of GI coffee over a bamboo-kindled fire. If his men have any complaints, they lay them directly before Uncle Joe.

One night up front, a corporal with blunt GI vigor assailed censorship of mail. "Why is it, general," he asked, "that we can't mention we're in Burma when we write letters home? Guys can say they're in India or China but we can't say we're in Burma."

"We'll see what we can do about it," the general promised.

The next day he radioed the chief censor's office in New Delhi inquiring why letters could not be marked "somewhere in Burma." When no plausible objection was offered, Stilwell ordered that the Burma dateline could be used from then on. However, one mail censor—a scissors-happy second louey—arbitrarily decided that "Burma" must still not be used in letters. The GIs kicked again. Stilwell sent another radio to New Delhi. Two days later the shavetail was relieved of his censoring duties.

Another time Stilwell visited a U. S. base in India where one of the men complained about the ban on pets at the post.

"Let them have pets if they want 'em," ruled Uncle Joe.

Now some U. S. bases in the CBI have virtual menageries of bear cubs, wildcats, dogs, jackals, monkeys, parrots, mongooses and snakes.

Although he is a strict disciplinarian when occasion demands, Stilwell is no stickler for the more rigid military courtesies. At a staff conference shortly after Pearl Harbor, all his officers jumped to attention when he walked in the room.

"Sit down, for God's sake!" he snapped. "We're fighting a war now and we'll dispense with all this jumping-up-and-down business."

Gen. Stilwell side-steps formalities even when presenting decorations. Entering a hospital to award the Silver Star to a wounded American soldier, the general found the GI in bed naked except for bandages and a sheet that covered him to the hips.

Gen. Stilwell introduced himself to the surprised soldier, smiled and said:

"I'm going to have to embarrass you a little."

Then, after his aide had read the citation, the general pulled the sheet over the soldier's chest and pinned the Silver Star on the sheet.

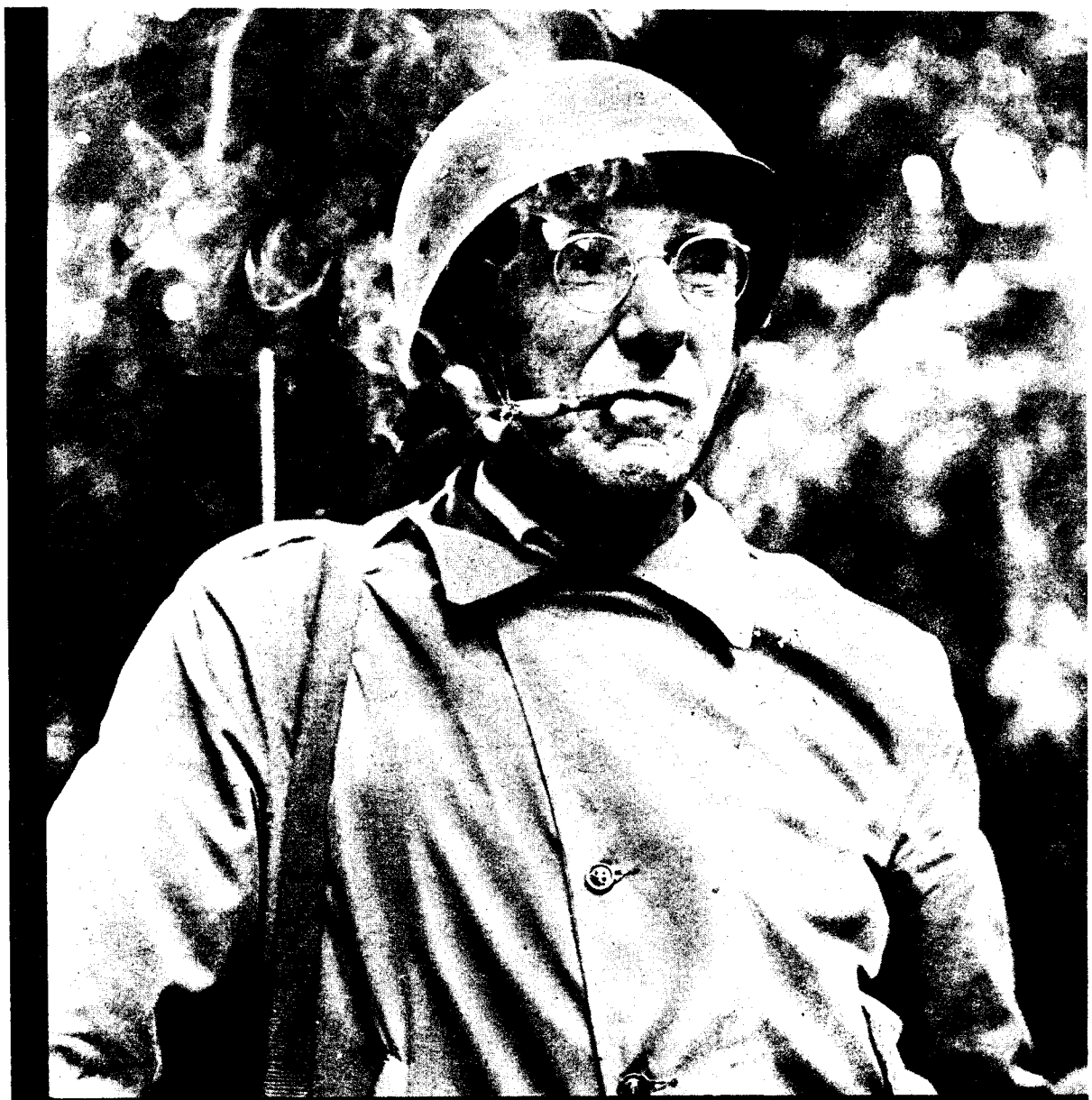
Uncle Joe takes a dim view of decorations for staff men, or even for himself. Returning to headquarters one day after a long trip in the field, he was informed that he had been awarded the DSC.

"Who thought up all this?" he groused. "I'm not so sure about this business of decorating staff men when there are so many men in the front line fighting. I was a lieutenant once and I used to wonder why desk men got so much glory."

STILWELL'S understanding treatment of his enlisted men is responsible for his most popular nickname, Uncle Joe. Thanks to his rulings, a GI is not a social outcast in the CBI and "officers only" restrictions are at a minimum. Any enlisted man may visit the best restaurants, night clubs and theaters.

Another popular Stilwell ruling was the one he handed down soon after the first American Wacs arrived in the CBI. The enlisted Wacs were scarcely off their plane when lieutenants, captains and even some of the higher brass were pressing them for dates. The GIs, some of whom had spent two years in the CBI without meeting an American girl whom they could date, figured they were outranked on this deal.

Then came an order from Gen. Stilwell's headquarters forbidding officers to date enlisted Wacs and enlisted men to date WAC officers. The second part of the order was the sheerest of formalities. GIs weren't getting to first base with



THIS STUDY, TYPICAL OF UNCLE JOE, WAS TAKEN DURING ONE OF HIS MANY VISITS TO THE FRONT.

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STRIDE THAT ATE UP MILES BEFORE HIM.

the WAC officers, anyway. Gen. Stilwell's ruling simply rendered unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's, to GIs the things that were GI.

LEAN and wiry, without an ounce of excess weight, Gen. Stilwell has the energy and endurance of a man half his age. His perfect conditioning dates back to West Point, where he was a track star and a 140-pound quarterback on the Army eleven when vest-pocket gridmen were all but unknown. He wears glasses, smokes cigarettes in a long holder, chews gum frequently and has his iron-gray hair cropped in GI style.

Uncle Joe can usually be found where the firing is heaviest. He scorns the comfortable rear-echelon headquarters in New Delhi, preferring to stay up with his men. His combat headquarters is usually within artillery range of the enemy's lines.

Recently a Jap artillery shell landed less than 10 yards from Gen. Stilwell during a heavy shelling of the position he was visiting. Only the soft, muddy jungle earth, which buried the shell before it burst, saved the general and his aide from injury.

Gen. Stilwell was born on Mar. 19, 1883, at Palatka, Fla., where his parents were vacationing from the family home in Yonkers, N. Y. After graduating from Yonkers High School, where he played football and basketball, he entered West Point in 1900. He graduated with top honors in languages—he now speaks six fluently, including Japanese—and was commissioned June 15, 1904. In the first World War, Gen. Stilwell, then a captain, served as a liaison officer with the French and British.

Fortunately for American-Chinese relations, Gen. Stilwell understands the Chinese soldier as completely as he understands the American GIs. In 1920 he went to China as one of the first two U. S. Army officers ever assigned to that country. He studied at the North China Language School in Peiping for three years, making frequent trips into the interior to learn the varied dialects and customs of the Chinese people. One summer he worked as an ordinary day laborer with a coolie gang building roads in Shansi Province.

After six years back in the States, Gen. Stilwell returned to China in 1929 as executive officer to Gen. George C. Marshall, who was then commanding the 15th Infantry at Tientsin. Later, in 1935, he was appointed U. S. military attache at Peiping.

Despite the administrative nature of his work, Gen. Stilwell was no armchair officer even then. He seldom missed a major military operation in China. Occasionally he was on the Japanese side of the battlefront but he spent most of his time with his old love, the Chinese fighting man. He marched with Chinese troops. He ate Chinese chow with chopsticks. He carried his own bedroll and slept in Chinese bivouacs. He talked with Chinese soldiers in their own language. Gradually he even reached the point where he could think in Chinese.

Gen. Stilwell confers with Gen. Liao Yao-hsiang.

Returning to the States for retirement in 1939, Gen. Stilwell was kept on the active list and ordered to take command of a 2d Division brigade when war threatened. He went to Fort Ord, Calif., in July 1940 as CG of the newly activated 7th Division, which later invaded Attu and the Marshall Islands. The 7th was 85 percent selectees but it ran rings around its "enemies" in the 1941 California maneuvers under Gen. Stilwell's expert leadership.

On one occasion during the maneuvers, the general was absent from his headquarters for two days. His adjutant finally found him sleeping on the floor of a high-school cloakroom in the maneuver area. It was the first sleep he had had in 48 hours.

THE 7th Division's showing in the maneuvers resulted in Gen. Stilwell's appointment as CG of the III Army Corps, a post he held until February 1942, when Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek asked for a U. S. general to direct American military activities in China. Gen. Stilwell, the U. S. Army's foremost authority on China, was the logical selection. He and his staff arrived at Chungking in late February. Two weeks later he was on the Burma battlefront directing the Chinese forces in his dual capacity as chief of staff to Chiang Kai-shek and CG of Chinese troops in Burma.

Gen. Stilwell took a licking in Burma but he candidly admitted it. Grimly confident, even in 1942's dark days, he said he would go back to retake the ground he had lost. He's making good on that promise now, having recaptured Northern Burma in the only really successful Allied offensive yet staged in the Far East.

Uncle Joe's one ambition is to win the war and get the hell home as quickly as possible. He has no personal post-war political or business aspirations. When peace comes, he plans to retire from the Army and settle down with his family in Carmel, Calif. There on the beach he will be able to don his old corduroy trousers and spend his days slogging through the sands with his favorite dog, a soft-eyed giant Schnauzer named Gareth. The little things in life are what Uncle Joe enjoys most.

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UNmilitary Training

Army plans to build up study, recreation and sports and cut down drill in daily routine of GIs stuck in inactive theaters after the defeat of Germany.

By Pfc. IRA H. FREEMAN
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Army is planning a big education, recreation and athletic program that will replace most of the military training in the daily routine of GIs who get stuck in the ETO, the Mediterranean and the Middle East after the defeat of Germany.

The powers that be in the War Department feel that there is no sense devoting the whole working day of occupation troops and surplus units awaiting shipment back to the States to close-order drill, gas-mask drill and cleaning of equipment. So they have decided to let GIs spend most of their time in classrooms, in sports competition or participating in musical, dramatic or art activities.

The whole program of education, recreation and athletics will be voluntary. You will be able to take your choice of courses and activities. But each GI will have to take up something in one of the three sections. Or it will be possible to take a major activity from one section and a minor activity from another; for example, you could go to school for three hours a day and then spend two hours every afternoon playing baseball.

The program will not, of course, apply to troops who are scheduled to move on to combat zones in the CBI and the Pacific. They will continue to spend all their time on military training. When the Japanese are finally defeated, this same switch from military to nonmilitary activities in training schedules will probably go into effect in all overseas theaters.

Here are some of the details of the program:

Education

THE Army has fixed its sights on providing at least a fifth-grade elementary-school education for fellows who never had a chance to go to school when they were kids. Vocational training will be available to guys who wish to learn a trade, while the Army will send qualified men to some of the great, world-famous universities in Europe, like Oxford in England and the Sorbonne in Paris. It is possible that soldiers who left school for the service may get credit for study courses taken in the Army when they return to civilian school after demobilization.

Going to one of these temporary Army schools will not affect your chance of getting home. If your shipping orders come through while you are in the midst of a course, you just drop everything and hit the gangplank.

The brass will not attempt to force any GI to go to school. They say that you won't be put on working details, either, if you refuse to study. You will, however, have to choose something from the athletic or recreational list.

The backbone of the Army education program will be the vocational and practical courses given in battalion schools. These schools will offer two-month courses in the following subjects:

Advertising	Carpentry
American Economic Problems	Farm Management
American Government	Foreign Languages
Automobile Mechanics	General Agriculture
Beginning Electricity	Mechanical Drawing
Beginning Radio	Personnel Management
Blueprint Reading	Psychology
Bookkeeping	Review Arithmetic
Business Arithmetic	Salesmanship
Business English	Science
Business Law	Shop Mathematics
Business Principles and Management	Supervision and Foremanship

There will also be general classes in American history and traditions, as well as guidance courses to help younger soldiers pick a career. In the manual trades, such as carpentry, instruction will include actual on-the-job practice under supervision. Teachers in all these fields will be chosen from experts who happen now to be in the Army, both officers and enlisted men.

Centralized technical schools will be set up in connection with existing civilian schools to teach 150 technical courses, most of them fairly advanced, such as machine-shop practice, radio servicing and repair, refrigeration maintenance, welding and so on.

GIs who have had a high-school education, or its equivalent in technical schools or experience, may take university courses similar to those offered in American colleges. Some of these courses will be given in local civilian institutions in the occupied countries, while others will be available in special Army centers staffed by qualified military instructors. It is expected that American colleges will give students credit for work passed in these foreign universities and Army university centers.

The university courses will include not only general academic subjects, but also professional, preprofessional and graduate study. For example, a lawyer who is a corporal stationed in England, let us say, might get an opportunity of a lifetime: a chance to take a two-month course in international law under a famous professor at Cambridge University.

Recreation

THIS second part of the program of activities for soldiers in inactive overseas areas is subdivided into music, soldier shows and entertainment, and arts and crafts. It is also expected that library facilities will be expanded with the sudden increase in the men's free time, so that each post will have a big book collection like that at camps in the States, with a professional civilian librarian in charge.

As in all the other phases of the program, teachers of music, dramatics and art will be soldiers who used to do such things in civilian life.

In music there will be classes to teach beginners how to play popular instruments, as well as courses in harmony, orchestration and music appreciation. GIs who are already musicians will be able to teach, or take advanced study, or play in bands, small groups or orchestras. Men who merely like to listen to music may get a chance to go to the famous opera houses and concert halls in Europe when those blitzed spots get going again.

Weekly entertainment programs will be put on in each company, with a full-length play or musical comedy produced in the regiment or division at least once, it is hoped, in eight weeks. The better shows will be broadcast and make tours of the theater of operations.

Under arts and crafts, the Army will offer classes in painting and sculpture, photography, wood carving, radio-set making and certain popular handicrafts. Instructors in this section will lead guided tours, from time to time, to the great art museums in Italy, France, Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands.

Sports

PLANS for the Army sports program range from a grand GI Olympic Games with competitors from all theaters of operations down to chess and checker tournaments starting at the platoon level. The equipment is going to cost $20,000,000, which will drain off about 90 percent of all athletic goods made in the U. S. To get this produced, it is possible the sports goods industry will have to be declared essential. Special Services expects 60 percent of GIs in the inactive theaters will take part in the athletic program.

A partial catalogue of sports and games on the program includes:

Acrobatics	Football (regular and touch)	Table tennis
Archery	Lacrosse	Tennis
Badminton	Soccer	Track and field events
Baseball	Softball	Volleyball
Basketball	Swimming	Wrestling
Boxing		

Special sports, like hunting, fishing, sailing and cycling, are also approved where local conditions and availability of equipment permit. The whole program will be varied, naturally, according to the season and climate.

Competitions, both individual and by teams, will be started at the company level, if feasible, and continue through division, corps, army and finally theater championships. Some international events might be arranged—for example, a tennis tournament among players from the American, British and French forces in Europe.

Coaches and officials for the athletic program will be officers and enlisted men who have had experience that fits them for the jobs. A corps of head coaches is being trained in special courses in the States, and these men will, in turn, instruct other coaches in the inactive theaters.

Sports will include GI Olympic Games similar to this recent inter-Allied track and field meet in Italy.

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Pyle Goes Home

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

PARIS—The medic captain came over to the table smiling and asked: "Aren't you Ernie Pyle?"

"Yes, I am," said Ernie.

"I just want to thank you," said the captain. "You've done some great things for us in your column. I read it whenever I can."

Ernie grinned. "You won't be reading it much longer. I'm going back to the States in a couple of days."

Something like relief passed over the medic's face. "Are you?" he said. "By God, I'm glad. You've seen enough of it. I'm glad you're going."

The conversation went on for a few minutes, the captain standing helmet in hand and the rest of us sitting with dirty clothes and dirty boots at a polished table in a modernistic little bar in the basement of a hotel.

We were drinking champagne cocktails. At this hotel you couldn't get bread. But champagne? *Mais oui, Monsieur.*

"Where are you going when you get back home?" asked the medic.

"To the Pacific, I guess," said Ernie.

"Well, good luck to you, Ernie, and thanks again."

"Thank *you.*" Ernie matched the captain's sincerity, because in this theater there are few men who can stand shoulder to shoulder with the medics when it comes to rating praise. Ernie was a little embarrassed.

But in this theater, too, the legend of Ernie Pyle is a thing of wonder. He is the GIs' war correspondent, the man who loves the soldier of the line. A great deal has been written about Ernie, because he is a phenomenon of this war. He himself, however, sees nothing phenomenal about the work that so far has won him a Pulitzer Prize and the good will of almost everybody in and out of the Army.

"I'm doing the same kind of stuff I've always done in the column," he says, "except that it's on a war basis. Instead of talking to civilians about civilian things, I just swapped over to the military."

Not all that has been written about Ernie has presented him with perfect accuracy. His wife, after reading some of the pieces on Pyle, wrote him: "I am convinced now that nobody can write about you but me." *Time* did an altogether friendly job of profiling him, but Ernie denies the assertion that he has been harboring a "premonition of death," and he would rather people didn't have the impression that he is a gnome-like little character who quivers in his boots, is ashamed of carrying toilet paper in his helmet and was embarrassed by rough-neck soldiery intruding upon him as he "relieved himself," to approximate the *Time* description.

"I've been scared, yes," he says. "Everybody is scared. But I think I've kept myself about as well collected as the next fellow. And I've never been treated with disrespect or in an undignified way in the Army."

Ernie has a great deal of dignity. His uneasiness, which is public property, is the uneasiness of almost any normal person in combat; the difference is that Ernie talks about his anxiety and not everybody else does. Several hundred thousand people, in and out of uniform, share that anxiety with him.

Sitting at that table in Paris, Ernie was a tired man. As every one of his readers knows, he is almost professionally delicate. But as a man, Ernie looks hardly delicate. He has the complexion of a baby, pink and clear, and the contrast with his gray hair, what little there is of it, is striking. He's a wiry little guy who talks with a flat Mid-Western drawl, and he speaks the language of the Army—professionally and with just the amount of four-letter words that a mild man would have occasion to use.

As a working correspondent, Ernie is almost painfully modest. There is just about as much of the Richard Harding Davis or Hollywood war reporter in him as there is in your old grandmother, bless her.

"There are a lot of correspondents who are on the line longer and more often than I am," he assures you. "The way I work is to go up and find a battalion or a company and stay with them a little while and listen to what people tell me, and then come back and write some columns. I usually just take down names and home towns, because a notebook and a fellow with a long pencil scare hell out of a soldier, or anybody else.

"Another reason I don't like notes is that I have to write by mentally carrying myself back to the time and place of the incident I'm writing about. If I had notes I'd just be rewriting them instead of writing about the incident itself, and the column would come out flat.

"Writing comes hard for me until I get started, but once I'm into a column I'm all right. If I write steadily for three or four days, remembering and reliving the things I'm writing about, I'm exhausted. I'm as tired as if I'd been walking three or four days. It takes a lot out of me."

The secret of Ernie's tremendous success and popularity, if there is any secret about it, is his ability to report a war on a personal plane. His capacity for mood and emotion and minor detail has put his columns in a letter-home category. To project this emotion, Ernie has had to feel it himself. The strain of almost constant combat since the African landings is beginning to tell on him. He's had a bellyful.

"I figured if I didn't get out pretty soon I'd be a psycho case or something." Ernie's utterly frank approach to fear and battle pressure has always been characteristic of his writing, and his conversation is just as frank.

"What broke me," he said, "was the bombing that went wrong. I didn't think I could take that. But God knows I don't blame the Air people for it." The bombing that went wrong, which Ernie described in a series of columns, was the one that caught Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair and a great many more of our own people. "Those things happen. But that was the worst thing I've ever been through."

In Paris, sweating out a plane for home, Ernie could hardly cover his fatigue.

"I was tired after Italy, and now it's the same thing again," he said. "To tell you the truth, I haven't been on the front here in France as much as I was in the other places. Damn mortars sound the same here as they did in Italy, and I guess they'll sound the same in the Pacific. I don't know. Frankly, I said three weeks ago that I wasn't going back to the front again, and I meant it. I'm going home now, not because I'm homesick, but because I just about have to."

After almost two years of close association with combat soldiers, about whom he has written with an understanding and sometimes a tenderness that have brought him the admiration of the public and the genuine gratitude of the plain old dogface, Ernie finds himself suffering from one of the most human of all reactions:

"I hate to say it, but I'm sick of the sight of soldiers. I guess in a way I'm a soldier and I'm sort of sick of myself, more'n anything else."

WAR-WEARY or khaki-happy or whatever he is for the moment, Ernie is leaving a hemisphere in which he has produced some real contributions to the American doughfoot. His columns forming the book "Here Is Your War" are being transposed into a movie that will be Hollywood's most ambitious attempt to present the U. S. Infantry in combat. It was in his column, too, that there appeared the first national plea for the Infantry pay raise; but Ernie still doesn't know whether it had anything to do with the bill that was finally passed. "Never did find out for certain about it," he grinned. He also campaigned for something like the present gold service bars for overseas men.

The soldiers who read him in *Stars and Stripes* are his champions. "So you're a war correspondent?" an infantryman will say. "Know Ernie Pyle? There's a guy who knows how it is. He's a good man."

When they talk about Ernie, infantrymen use the same emphasis on the word "good" that Dinah Shore uses in the song about the man she had.

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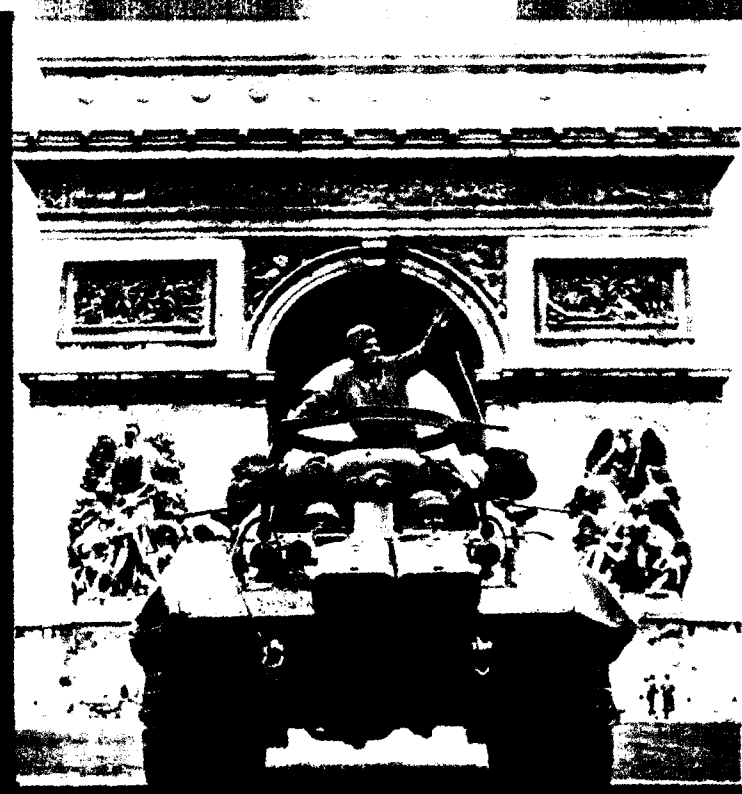
YANKS ROLL PAST A CHURCH STEEPLE, STILL STANDING AMID THE SHATTERED BUILDINGS OF MARIGNY.

Dri y Thr gh



ONE OF FIRST U. S. VEHICLES IN PARIS, AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

A SHERMAN TANK, KNOCKED OUT BY A GERMAN 88-MM GUN, BURNS BY A ROAD IN SOUTHERN FRANC

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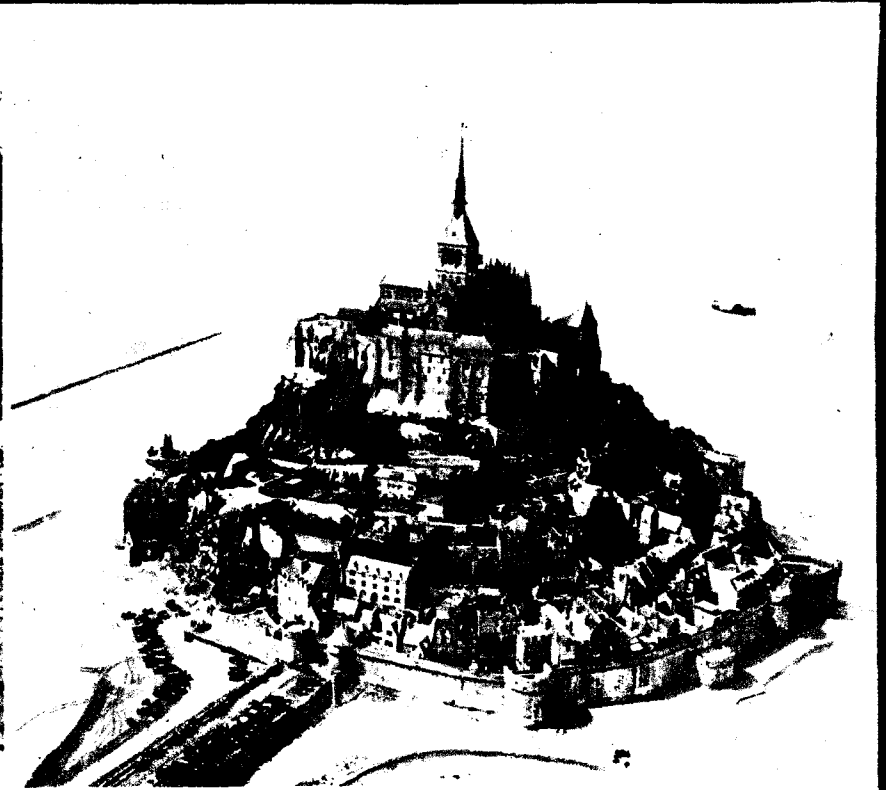
TH[illegible] AMERICAN ARTILLERY FINISHED IT OFF.

MONT ST. MICHEL, FAMED MEDIEVAL MONUMENT, SUFFERED FEW WAR SCARS.



THREE-STAR GENS. GEORGE S. PATTON (LEFT) AND OMAR L. BRADLEY SHARE A SEAT IN A C-47. GEN. BRADLEY'S TWELFTH ARMY GROUP MADE THE PUSH TO GERMAN BORDER.

TWO U. S. ARMY NURSES, CLOSE BEHIND COMBAT TROOPS, LTS. MARY McCRACKIN AND RALPHINE MAYNARD, FISH WITH BENT PINS IN A FRENCH STREAM.

A BREAK IN COMBAT AND THESE U. S. ENGINEERS BLEND HARMONY WITH WINE IN A FRENCH TOWN.

U. S. ENGINEERS, SPLASHED BY GERMAN FIRE, FERRY A WEAPONS CARRIER ACROSS THE RIVER SEINE.

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Merchant Marine

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of YANK I read the letter by Lt. (jg) Bergen Van Brunt and Harold E. Nelson GM3c, which criticized the Merchant Marine as "civilians who make overly high wages, who cheat on overly high wages, who cheat on overtime" and a score of other stupid charges.

I feel that the letter-writers are guilty of spreading malicious lies about a branch of the service which has undergone many hardships and dangers in order to help defeat our common enemies. I believe I can best answer these charges by quoting the following statement of Lt. (jg) T. A. Potter who knows a great deal about the Merchant Marine:

"This is my third merchant ship . . . in charge of the Navy gun crews. . . . We took part in the invasion of Sicily and saw a good bit of action against Axis planes. Without the fine help of the merchant crew who assisted and augmented our gun crews we never could have maintained the rapid rate of fire necessary to defend the ship. It has been a pleasure to work with these merchant seamen. After watching them perform at Sicily, I can assure you there need be no fear as to the failure of the Allied supply line. They are doing great work."

Need I say more?

Alaska —S/Sgt. A. DIDARIO

Dear YANK:

. . . When I was in the Merchant Marine I was not thinking of money. I was thinking of that brother of mine in a foxhole who needed food and shells. I was thinking of my other brother in the Air Corps who needed gas to take him up in the air. I was thinking of a pal who is in the Navy and who needed oil to run his submarine. . . . My brother in the 29th Division told me to get the hell out of the Merchant Marine before I went down with my ship. He told me to get into the Army, where I would at least have a gun to fight with . . .

Camp Chaffee, Ark. —Pvt. C. J. RICHARDSON

Dear YANK:

. . . When bombs are falling thick and fast a steel deck is a damn hard place on which to dig a foxhole. I know what a part the Merchant Marine plays in this war because they stood by when our transport went down and lent a hand. Out there in a far-away country white markers indicate where some of them are now buried. There are enough of these graves to make a good-sized army. . . .

Percy Jones General Hosp., Mich. —Sgt. W. M. TAEGEL*

*Also signed by Cpls. L. Bazemore and N. B. Carl and Pfc. F. Grizer.

Dear YANK:

. . . I'll salute any man in the U. S. who is doing his part to win this war, whether he is in the Merchant Marine or the Navy. [Lt. Van Brunt said that "It is a pet peeve . . . that GIs salute" the Merchant Marine.] The way I figure it, the only time we enlisted men have to salute an officer is when we are on the beach, and the only time you can think of such minor things as saluting is when you are sitting in a comfortable office. Therefore Lt. Van Brunt must be on the beach. For my money the Merchant Marine is doing a heck of a good job.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif. —PATRICK W. SMITH Slc

Dear YANK:

. . . Our victories would never have been possible without the Merchant Marine. With all respect to the lieutenant's rank I say I am ashamed of his words. I am proud of the Merchant Marine. May God bring them all back home over a peaceful sea some day.

West Coast, Calif. —Pvt. N. F. DOHERTY, USMC

Dear YANK:

We of the Merchant Service have high praise and regard for the Navy and especially the Navy armed guards who cast their lot with the highly vulnerable, poorly armed merchant ships. We ask no glory or praise—only that it be understood that the men who sail the ships do so because it has been their life's work. Just because war converged on them, they did not turn tail and run but accepted their task. Many older men who had retired from the sea returned to do their part and, incidentally, take a thousandfold greater chances and risks than the men on a superbly armed man-of-war.

There are many in the Merchant Marine who have been honorably discharged from the Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard who were free to cast off their obligation in this war but who turned to the sea to do their part. Many have said that now, for the first time, they are really doing something quickly and efficiently.

Seattle, Wash. —Ens. K. L. FROST*

*Also signed by Ensigns W. A. Gross (formerly MM1c, USN), C. Corrio (WT2c, USN), C. Alford (EM2c, USN), and D. Cravens (MM2c, USN).

Dear YANK:

. . . Our "haven for those seeking to avoid the armed services" sometimes includes unpleasant details such as trips lasting up to 18 months without liberty except for an occasional evening ashore and trips made in 10-knot ships without convoy and armed with a few popguns manned by boys who would be ashamed to admit that Lt. Van Brunt is in the same Navy with them.

Avalon, Calif. —JAMES G. MORK MMlc, USMS*

*Also signed by John G. Vlahovich SM2c and John E. Thomas StM2c.

Farms for Vets

Dear YANK:

I suggest that the Government put returning soldiers on Government land and furnish them with tools and stock, the soldier to be steward over the property and pay 5 or 10 percent for the use of the land. The rest of the production of the land should be for the use of the soldier and his family. Regardless of the kind of season and what kind of crops were raised, the soldier would pay the Government only 5 or 10 percent of the total income from the land.

France —Pvt. ROY D. CARRICK

Superfortress

Dear YANK:

In several magazines it is stated that the B-29 Superfortress is the largest plane in the world. In YANK itself it is called the heaviest aircraft in the world. These statements are far from true. The biggest airplane in existence is the B-19, which has a wing span of 200 feet. Another plane, the B-15, is about the size of the B-29. In large numbers, however, the Germans have a much bigger plane than the B-29. It is the ME-323, which has a wing span of 171 feet and a much greater carrying capacity than the B-29.

Alaska —Pvt. WAYNE WILSON

■ YANK was referring only to combat planes, not experimental models, transports, etc. The information presently available about the B-29's size is that it is 99 feet long and has a wing span of 141 feet 3 inches. The B-19, although it is 132 feet long and has a wing span of 212 feet, is an experimental ship and only one model was ever built. Its bomb load is 36,000 pounds. The B-15 is 88 feet long, has a wing span of 149 feet and weighs 30 tons, but like the B-19 only one of these models was ever built.

The German ME-323 is 93 feet long, has a wing span of 181 feet and weighs 65,000 pounds. However, it is a transport plane, not a bomber.

The Germans have another plane, the Blohn and Vos BV-222, which is 112 feet long, with a wing span of 150 feet and a weight of 100,000 pounds, but this is a flying boat.

Air Support

Dear YANK:

I have seen a number of items in the newspapers stating that our Air Corps had accidentally strafed some of our own and allied troops. Now that I have seen the Air Corps in action in support of ground troops, I think I know how that may have happened.

A few days ago three of my buddies and myself were on an outpost. We had been there for a short while when we heard some tanks moving up in front of our lines. They were headed our way and were about 150 to 200 yards away. For a few minutes it looked like we were in for a beating. Suddenly, however, a couple of P-47s went into action. It was a wonderful sight.

The first bombs, which looked as if they were going to come awful close to us, found their target. The earth shook, and we felt sure that the next bomb would land right on us. When the P-47s started strafing we were ready to pack up and go. All around us the empty cartridge cases were landing in the hedgerow in which we were hiding, but the real stuff, which set the tanks afire, hit on the target.

It was a really grand job, and my buddies and I want to thank those P-47 boys for pulling us out of a tough spot. We sure wish we could get to shake their hands and thank them in person.

France —Pfc. A. GRAZIOSE*

*Also signed by Pfc. E. Clack and Pvts. E. Asborn and J. Silletto.

Honor Medal Winners

Dear YANK:

I noticed in a recent issue of YANK a picture whose caption stated that Sgt. John Basilone and Pfc. Richard K. Sorenson [*shown above*] are the only living enlisted men of the Marine Corps to win the Congressional Medal of Honor. Haven't you overlooked Pvt. Al Schmid of Philadelphia, who got the Medal of Honor for killing a flock of Japs on Guadalcanal?

Pinellas AAF, Fla. —Pfc. JESSE R. HAGY

■ Marine Pvt. Alfred A. Schmid did not receive the Medal of Honor. He received the Navy Cross for manning a machine gun with two other marines during a Japanese landing operation on Guadalcanal. One member of the squad was killed, Schmid was partially blinded and the squad was credited with killing 200 Japs.

Combat Damage

Dear YANK:

I would appreciate it very much if you would explain why the American Army pays the civilian population in recaptured territory for damage done to their property during battles. In fact, I have even heard that we pay for the damage done to each coconut tree in New Guinea.

New Guinea —S/Sgt. NATHAN RICHATONE

■ The Army does not pay for damage incident to combat action. If a shell knocks down a palm tree during a battle, that's just the owner's tough luck. However, once the Army occupies an area and there is damage to private property not arising from combat, the Army may settle claims for such damage. For that purpose a claims commission is provided in *AR 25-90*.

Reserved Seats

Dear YANK:

Our post theater here is divided up into a general's box, an officer's section (with the best seats, seldom crowded), a first-three-graders' section (with all the rest of the good seats) and some punk seats on the sidelines (with poor view and no backs) for the remainder of the enlisted men. We have an MP patrolling the theater to see that every caste is in its place.

Most outrageous of all is the relegating of the hospital's ambulatory patients, who have just come in from active battlefronts, to a few poor seats down in front. If anybody should have good seats set aside for them, I think they should be the ones rather than the noncoms, whose duties are not so exhausting as to justify giving them all the good seats.

The effect of the present set-up is that some enlisted men don't attend the shows at all for lack of good seats, while some of the first-three-grader seats are wasted.

I'm not maintaining that good seats should be reserved for the lower grades, but merely that they should all be open to whoever gets there first. This would also release the MPs for active duty elsewhere, thus increasing the manpower available for direct application to the war effort.

Marshall Islands —T/Sgt. BAYARD H. McCONNAUGHEY

Whipping Boy

Dear YANK:

Just who in hell is the wise guy who answers the bitches in *Mail Call*?

Southwest Pacific —Pvt. DON FAUGL*

*Also signed by Pvt. Tom Hudson.

■ Here he is after a Saturday morning, when the mail is unusually light. He isn't nearly this cheerful most of the week.

Shorter Workday

Dear YANK:

Wouldn't our worries about post-war employment of soldiers come to an end if six months after the war the entire nation went on a six-hour workday instead of the present eight-hour day? Wouldn't this also serve to absorb the workers discharged from war industries?

India —Cpl. A. FORNEY

New Zealand

Dear YANK:

I just finished reading your interesting article on New Zealand and, having spent eight months in Auckland myself, I readily agree on the hospitality and friendliness shown to the Yanks in New Zealand. With its numerous pubs, clubs, cinemas, dances and all-around entertainment, it is hard for a GI to be unhappy very long. Endless beaches and "Batches" on the adjoining small islands make recreation a pleasure. The girls are very entertaining and when you go to their homes you are treated like a long-lost friend. With their time-outs for tea, it seems like you are eating all day long.

Camp Alva, Okla. —T/Sgt. H. L. GALBRAITT

Regulars

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of YANK I noticed a letter by Pvt. Harold R. Newman in which he asked: "Remember our pre-war Army? It was a pallid stepchild of our Government, and we did not like to show it to strangers. The joe who joined it was generally considered a lazy, shiftless, moronic lout who lacked the brains and ambition to 'make good' in civil life."

I would like to say for myself, as well as for other Regular Army men, that the men who enlisted before the war were men who had enough ambition to get away from their mothers' apron strings and do things for themselves. When we came into the Army, there weren't any of the so-called technical schools. We had to learn things the hard way. Had it not been for the men who came into the Army before the war, there would have been no one to train the men that were later drafted into the service.

I think we deserve some credit for our work.

New Guinea —Sgt. JACK MASKEW

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Company B carries on

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

THE ALEUTIANS—Men get a little strange on these island when they're stationed up here too long. Some men do at least. But until last night, when I wandered into B Company, I never had seen a whole outfit acting odd.

"Which way is post headquarters?" I asked the man who was leaning out the sentry box window. His MP brassard had slipped down around his elbow.

"I couldn't say, soldier. This here is B Company."

The crease in his forehead kept getting deeper, and about every five minutes his left eye twitched.

"Tell ya what," he said. "Go up the hill to the orderly room an' ask. Just a few steps up. I'm new aroun' here. Just knock at the door." I thanked him and his left eye twitched in response.

Halfway up the hill I stopped to rest. Far below, beneath the evening mist rolling up the slope, I heard a bulldozer grunting at work.

I knocked at the orderly-room door. The sound echoed through the building as if it were empty, but I heard somebody walking inside. I knocked again and tried the door. It was locked. Finally a corporal jerked it open.

"Yeah?" he said.

I asked the way to post headquarters and he turned his back on me and growled, "C'mon in." It was a small dusty room, dimly lit through one window. The corporal's desk was in the darkest corner.

"Post headquarters," he said, "is back down the hill. Take the path to your right and turn left by the warehouse."

I leaned forward a little. In the dim light I thought I saw his left eye twitch. The whole musty building, the entire hilltop, was suddenly very quiet. Down below the bulldozer had stopped. For a moment I felt sure that everyone else on the island had just now packed up and shipped out.

"Well, thanks a lot," I said quickly. "I guess I'll shove off."

"Just a minute, soldier."

I stopped in the doorway and turned around. This time, with the help of the light from the door, I saw one eye flicker. "Yeah?" I said, so loud that it made the building ring.

"You got a pass? You can't get out without a pass."

"What?" I'd never heard of passes in these islands, but I was new up here. "The guard at the gate let me in without a pass."

"Yeah, I know, he's always doin' that. You'll hafta see the sergeant about gettin' a pass."

He cranked his field telephone. A little cloud of dust went up from the instrument and faintly, far inside the building, I heard a bell ring.

"Say, sergeant, guy out here wants a pass." While he listened to the reply the corporal's eye twitched again.

"C'mon, soldier." He led me down a dark corridor that connected two huts. "The sergeant'll be here in a minute," he said. "Tell'm what ya want."

THERE was a big desk with in and out baskets on it. Three plywood boards with roster sheets hung behind the desk, and a whistle dangled from a nail in the hut's curved wall. This room, like the other, was dark and smelled of dust.

"Woddya want, fellah?" said the sergeant. He was thin for a top kick, and his blouse was much too big. The bottom rocker reached down to his elbow.

I sat there staring at him. Once again, unmistakably even in the growing darkness, I saw that swift left-eye twitch.

"I want a pass," I cried, "to get out of here."

"Pass! That's all I hear around here—pass, pass, pass! You guys know yer supposed to put in for passes at least 24 hours in advance!"

"Passes in the Aleutians? Sounds like back in the States!"

He shot a swift glance at me. While he pondered my remark his eye twitched twice. "Well," he said very softly, "even if you don't get a pass tonight, you can stay here in our casual area. We can feed you an' put you up."

"No! I gotta get out of here!" I shouldn't have yelled at him like that, for he seemed sincerely anxious for me to stay. But I could see myself eating in a dark mess hall with a bunch of men whose left eyes were always winking.

"Okay, fellah," he sighed, "you'll have to see the old Man about a pass." He knocked softly on a side door, then tiptoed in. Through the closed door I heard a muffled conversation, then the sergeant came back and said, "Okay, fellah, you can come in here."

He held the door for me. It was a large room, with three doors, and there was a square of brown linoleum on the floor. Behind the desk was a dusty sign which said: THE DIFFICULT WE DO IMMEDIATELY, THE IMPOSSIBLE WILL TAKE A LITTLE TIME.

"Sit here, fellah, the captain'll be here in a minute."

I sat alone for a while, and everything was quiet except for footsteps in the building. Then the captain entered wearing his garrison cap. I jumped up and saluted.

"What's on your mind?" he sighed, wearily returning my salute. His cap visor was pulled too low for me to see his face. The captain's voice was high and strained, and his brass wasn't shined.

"All right," he said, "I'll fix you up. What's your name? Have a chair?" Like all the men in his outfit, he seemed anxious to keep me around for a while.

I sat down as he picked up the field telephone, then I leaped instantly back to my feet. His left eye had twitched. "Sergeant," he was saying, "fix this man up with a pass." Then he hung up and said: "Sorry I can't offer you transportation out, but we're short of drivers right now. We're on a caretaker basis here, as you can see."

He gazed out the window across the deserted company area to where the wooden doors of ragged tent houses swung in the wind. I thanked him hastily and backed out without saluting.

In a moment the sergeant returned to his office and handed me my pass, but he let me find my own way out of the building. The corporal was gone from his desk by the door. The bulldozer far below had started to roar again.

"Let's button that jacket, soldier," said the MP, who was leaning out his window watching me come down the hill. He studied my pass and winked at it twice. I took off without waiting for him to return it.

THE guys in my hut were drinking our weekly beer ration when I got back, soon after dark. "Look," I said, "what about this B Company up on the hill?"

"Company B," said Davis, "shipped out three weeks ago, the lucky basters." He punched a hole in his beer can with the edge of the hut's red fire-fighting axe.

"No, I was just up there. Queerest outfit I ever saw——"

"Company B," repeated Davis, pointing his beer can at me, "shipped out three weeks ago in a helluva hurry. I know that for a fact. There's only one B man left on this island. Poor guy was in the hospital when they shipped and he got left behind. I work in the hospital, I oughta know."

"Look, Davis, I was just up there——"

"He's kinda funny, got an eye-twitch, but he'll be all right when he gets back to the States in a couple of weeks. Only one B man left, I know that for a fact."

And now that I think about it, Davis might be right. I never saw any of those guys together. But anyhow I'm not going back to find out.

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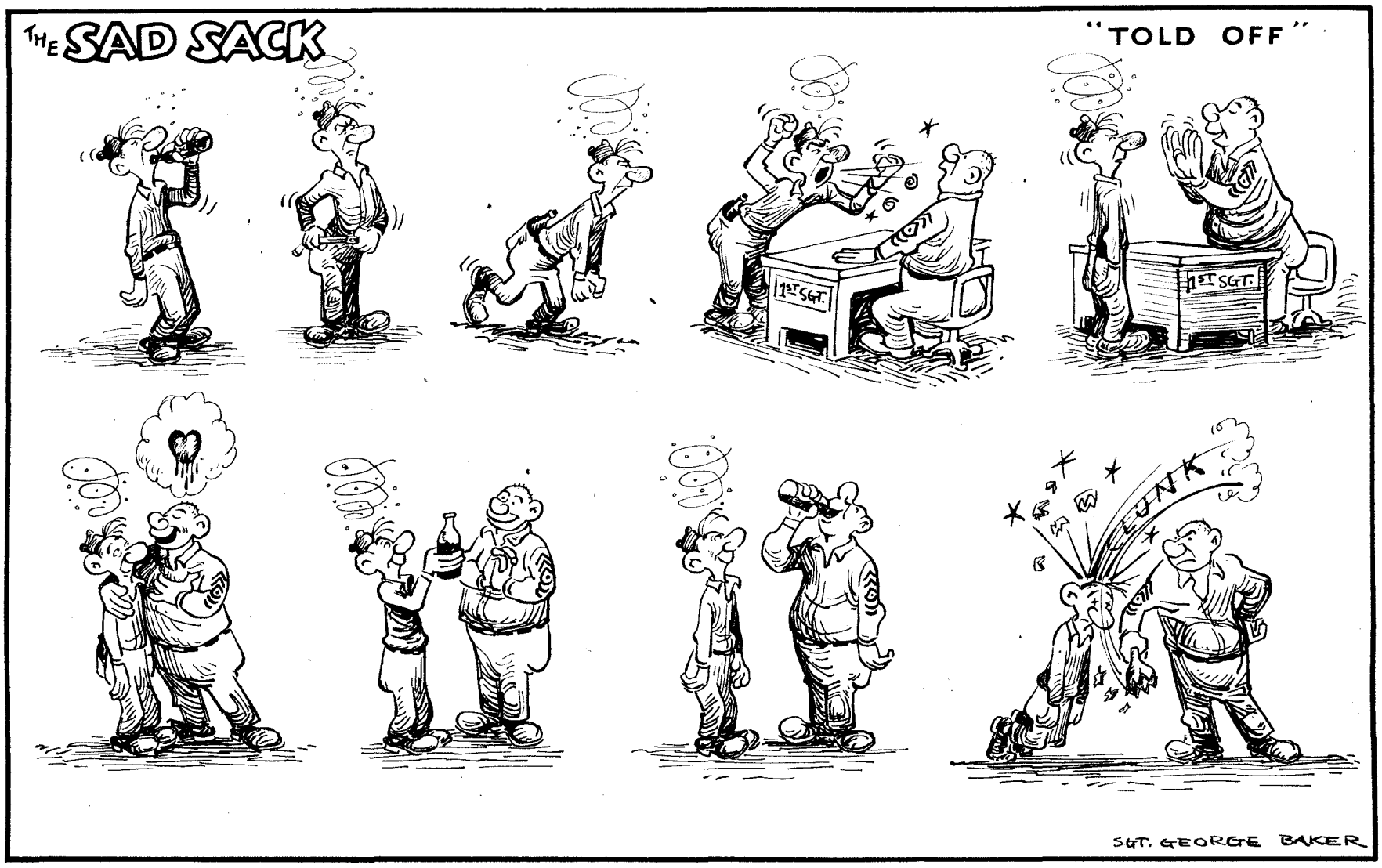

By Sgt. MARION HARGROVE

"SCHOFIELD BARRACKS was the place, though," said M/Sgt. Clarkin, pouring a slug of walnut wine into his little clay cup and thence down his calloused gullet. "Nineteen years I been in the goddam Army and I never saw a place to beat Schofield. That was the life. That was the goddam life."

I saw that I was in for it again.

He stuck a cigarette into his face and picked up a box of Chinese matches. The first six matches broke. He finally put three together and struck them. It worked.

"Used to have a latrine orderly in my barracks at Schofield named Pop Ballantine. Never will forget the time we had a sex-morality movie and Pop Ballantine showed up dead drunk. He went all the way up to the front row and he must of stumbled and fell eight times before he got there. Funniest damned thing you ever saw.

"We had a dental inspection oncet and old Pop showed up for it with his teeth in his hands. He never wore his teeth; used to leave 'em in his foot locker and the only time he ever took 'em out was for dental inspection. There was one tee-sergeant always used to stick his fingers in Pop Ballantine's mouth and say, 'Bite me, Albert!'

"This Pop Ballantine was the goddamdest rummy you ever saw, though. We'd send him into town to buy toilet brushes for his latrine and he'd get drunk with the money.

"Old Pop used to get his latrine cleaned up in no time at all and then he'd chisel a dime off of somebody—damndest chiseler you ever saw—and he'd sit in the barracks window watching for the beer garden to open up across the street. He'd buy him a 10-cent glass of beer and sit watching like a hawk for somebody to buy a pitcher. Then he'd move in on the guy like he was an old friend. He used to sit in that damned beer garden from the time it opened till the time it closed, except for work call at 1 o'clock.

"There was some staff sergeant, I forget his name now, had jawbone at the commissary. Him and Pop would get Listerine and 7-Up and make highballs out of it. Used to get drunk as hell.

"This guy Pop Ballantine, though, he was conscientious. He was conscientious as hell. Proud of his latrine. You had to watch the old guy or he'd break in on a conversation you were having with ladies and want to show 'em his latrine. He'd explain how he got the stains out of the urinal with sulphuric acid.

"Old Pop had a helluva time when the draftees came, telling 'em about when he was in the Philippines in 1921. He didn't like 'em long, though. The Old Man took his job away from him and gave it to the draftees."

"IT'S getting pretty late," I said, "and I've got a motor convoy first thing in the morning. I'd best be turning in——"

"We had another fellow at Schofield," M/Sgt. Clarkin said, "name of Pappy Jackson. Never forget one time he'd been AWOL for a couple of days, shacking up with some woman in town, and they sent the OD in to look for him. The OD found him at his shack and Pappy took off down the street drunk as hell with the OD after him."

He reached again for the walnut wine and I yawned significantly.

"Pappy would almost let the OD catch him and then he'd turn around with his false teeth in his hands and snap 'em at the OD. He'd keep getting playfuller and the OD would keep getting madder. Funniest goddam thing you ever saw.

"Remember one time somebody dropped a match in the seat of Pappy's fatigue trousers to give him the hot seat, you might say. Pappy had his hip pocket full of oily rags and he went up in flames. You ought to seen him running around there beating his hip pocket trying to put the fire out. He seen old Pop Ballantine laughing at him and thought it was Pop did it, so he started a fight. Neither one of 'em could of punched their way out of a wet paper bag and neither one of them got within three foot of the other. Just bouncing around and feinting and cussing is all they did. Funniest goddam thing you ever saw."

"IF you'll excuse me," I said, "I'd better take off. I've got a long trip ahead of me."

"I ever tell you about a guy we had at Schofield named Chaplin? Boys called him Charlie Chaplin; never can remember what his first name was. Little fellow. Had to get waivers on his height and weight to get in the Army. I remember one Armistice Day we put him in a mattress cover and tied it around his chin and shaved his head. You ought to of seen him hopping around in that mattress cover, mad as hell."

"Jeez," I said, "I didn't realize how late it's getting."

"This Charlie Chaplin," M/Sgt. Clarkin went on, "he was scared as hell of the MPs. One night we'd been to a *luau*—that's a party—at Wahiwa. We were walking back to Schofield, about two miles, when we saw the MP truck coming up the road. The MPs used an old GMC 1917 with one acetylene light in front, and you could tell it a mile away. We were crossing a bridge when we saw it. Old Chaplin had been drinking *okulihau* and it was on his breath. Chaplin thought the rail of the bridge was a fence and he jumped over it. Dropped 60 feet into the water, but he wasn't hurt any. The MPs hauled him back to the post and turned him loose and he was mad as hell that he had took the dive for nothing. You should of seen him—dripping wet and mad as hell. Funnest goddam thing you ever saw."

"Excuse me," I said. "I've got to get some cigarettes." I took off and went to bed and the next morning I left on my motor convoy.

THE morning I got back, two weeks later, I had occasion to go into the enlisted men's latrine house and I ran smack into M/Sgt. Clarkin.

"Every time I come into one of these Chinese johns," he said, "I think of the beautiful latrines we used to have at Schofield Barracks. We used to have a latrine orderly back at Schofield named Pop Ballantine. One of the funniest old fellows you ever saw."

"A guy with no teeth?" I asked.

"That's right," said M/Sgt. Clarkin. "I remember onct we had a dental inspection——"

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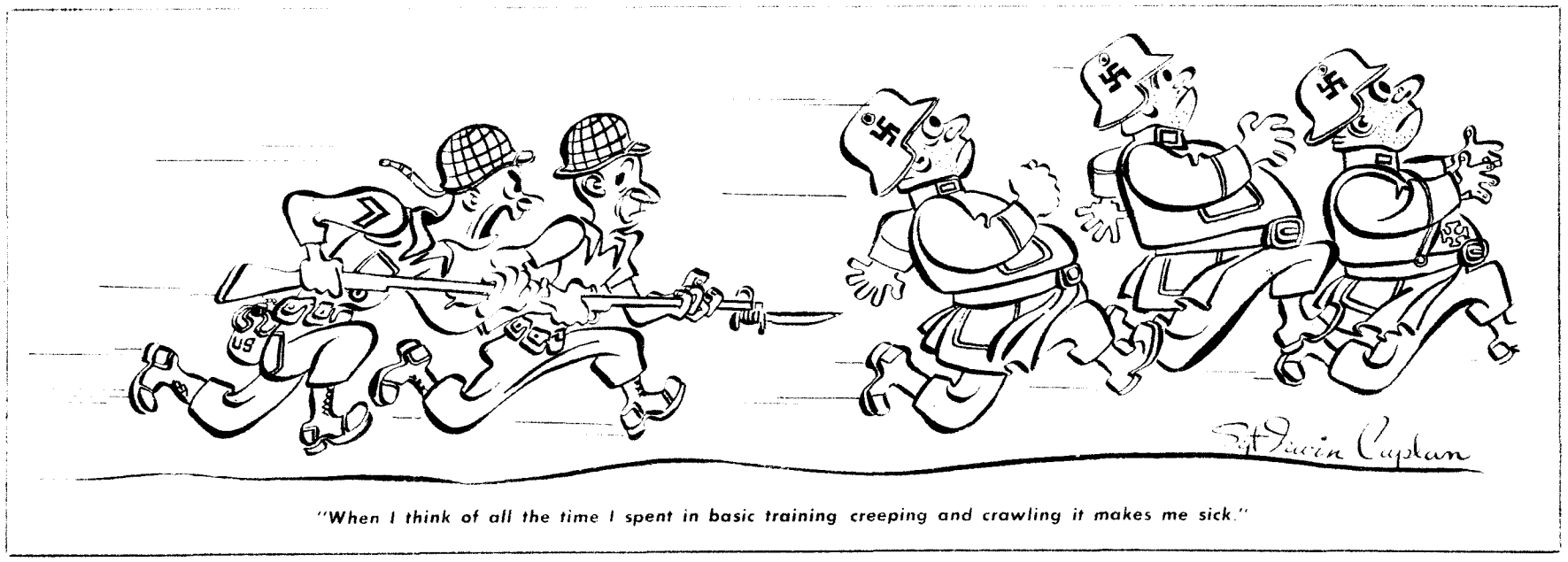


"When I think of all the time I spent in basic training creeping and crawling it makes me sick."

STRICTLY GI

The Ninth Army

As we go to press, four American armies are in action against the Germans along the Western front. Latest U. S. army whose presence in France has been officially announced is the Ninth, under the command of Lt. Gen. William H. Simpson, former CG of the 30th Division, the II Army Corps and the Fourth Army. Our other armies in the sector are Lt. Gen. Courtney Hodges' First, Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr.'s Third and Lt. Gen. Alexander Patch's Seventh. Security regulations do not permit publication of actual American troop strength in any overseas theater but it has been reliably reported that the U. S. has more troops on the western front than it ever had before on any foreign continent. A total of 2,079,880 American soldiers were shipped to Europe during the first World War, so you can draw your own conclusions.

Battle Honors

Presidential citations have been awarded to seven Infantry units: the 1st Ranger Battalion; Company G, 180th Infantry; Cannon Company, 16th Infantry; 1st Battalion, 16th Infantry (two citations); 2d Battalion, 16th Infantry; Company K, 18th Infantry; Division Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 82d Airborne Division. . . . Troop A of the 8th Cavalry has been cited for action in the Admiralties.

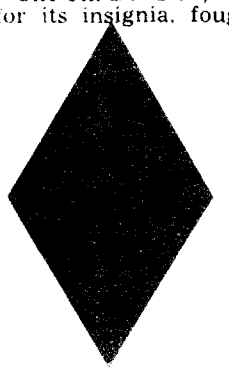
GI Shop Talk

Of the 1,300 general officers on active duty as of Sept. 1, a total of 1,185 were Regular Army officers, 76 were National Guard, 25 were Reserve officers and 14 were commissioned from civil life. The Army has six generals, 34 lieutenant generals, 343 major generals and 917 brigadier generals. . . . The three latest language guides give basic instruction in Danish, Turkish and Swedish. . . . The Swiss legation has informed the WD that the straight-arm salute has been adopted by the German Army and is therefore the proper salute for German prisoners to give in the U. S. . . . As of Sept. 1, there were 243,848 war prisoners being held in the U. S. Of these, 192,846 were German, 50,272 were Italian and 730 were Japanese. . . . For whatever it's worth to the ordinary GI, the WD has announced that the blue dress uniform will not be worn for the duration and six except under specific authorization. . . . Soldiers in a Ledo Road area, working in their spare time, have built and dedicated the first American chapel in Burma, a frame structure covered with tarpaulin.

Divisions on Western Front

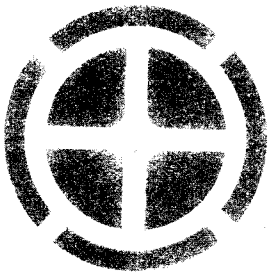
Here are a few more U. S. divisions on the western front that the censor will now let us name:

The 5th Division, which has the ace of diamonds for its insignia, fought in the first World War and then served in Luxembourg with the Army of Occupation until July, 1919. It was reactivated Oct. 16, 1939, at Fort McClellan, Ala., and it was stationed at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., and Fort Custer, Mich., before going to the ETO.



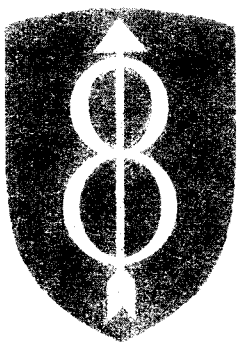
5th Division

The 35th Division, a Kansas - Nebraska - Missouri National Guard outfit, is known as the Santa Fe Division and has the Santa Fe cross in its shoulder patch. (The old Santa Fe trail started at a point near the Missouri-Kansas state line.) It was stationed at Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.; at Camp Rucker, Ala., and at Camp Butner, N. C., before shipping.



35th Division

The 8th Division did a stretch at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., before it went to the ETO but it sweated out most of its training in the States at Fort Jackson, S. C. It has also made its home at Camp Forrest, Tenn., and Camp Campbell, Ky.



8th Division

Also among those present on the western front are the 4th and 7th Armored Divisions. The 4th Armored is an old Pine Camp (N. Y.) outfit. It was activated there in the spring of 1941. Later it did some time at the Desert Training Center, Camp Young, Calif., and then spent most of the time before it went overseas at Camp Bowie, Tex. The 7th Armored Division was activated Mar. 1, 1942, and assigned to Camp Polk, La., first as a part of the II Armored Corps and later with the III Armored Corps. In 1943 the 7th Armored received desert training at Camp Young, Calif., and then was stationed at Fort Benning, Ga., until it embarked for the ETO.

Washington OP

WASHINGTON has been giving attention lately to the prospect of some sort of compulsory training for American youth after the war. President Roosevelt at a press conference told reporters that he thought the public ought to give some consideration to a government training program for a million or more young men a year between the ages of 17 and 22 or 23. He pointed out that at present there are facilities for training 5,000,000 in this country built by the Army that will last for 25 years and create quite a problem of disposal. He stated that the training need not be completely military in character, and appeared to be suggesting a combination of civilian and military training. As the possible benefits of such a program he listed education in living with a large crowd of people, training in discipline, promoting law and order, education in keeping clean and using muscles, and vocational training.

A few days previously the American Legion made public a letter from Secretary of War Stimson, answering a request from Warren G. Atherton that Stimson outline his views on the subject. "We must not accept the philosophy that this war will end all wars and that there will never again be a need to resort to arms," the secretary wrote. "From all that experience and history can teach us, we will be improvident if we do not adopt a sound peacetime nation-wide form of military service."

In outlining his reasons, the secretary said that our geographic position is no longer a protection, since the development of long-range bombers and amphibious operations. "If in the future we are attacked by a powerful enemy or group of enemies, we may be sure that we will not be given the time to mobilize our industries and to extemporize an Army from the untrained youth of the nation. . . . This means that the youth of the nation must have had the greatest part of its military training before mobilization. The alternative . . . would be a large standing Army. But it is traditional to our democracy to maintain a relatively small regular Army, and in a major emergency to depend, in the main, on the citizens in arms." He added that universal military training for Americans would assure the rest of the world, "that in the future, America will be not only willing but *able* and *ready* to take its part with the peace loving nations in resisting lawless aggression and in assuring peaceful world order." —**YANK Washington Bureau**

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As One Sgt. Frank Rice to Another

Camp Butner, N. C.—A medal-bedecked soldier strolled into the Public Relations Office at Camp Butner, the site of the Eastern Personnel Reassignment Center, and remarked: "My name's Frank Rice."

"So's mine," I said. I looked at his sergeant's stripes and then at my own.

"I've just come back from overseas," he continued.

"So have I," I said.

He wore the French Croix de Guerre, the Silver Star, the Purple Heart with cluster, the Defense Ribbon and a few other decorations.

That was something I couldn't top. But I talked with him further and found that his was a story of heroism and devotion to duty that began back in 1936 when he enlisted as a regular and was assigned to the mechanized cavalry. Since then he has soldiered in the Philippines, England, Scotland, Ireland, North Africa, Sicily and Italy.

Wounded several times, Sgt. Rice was among the first troops to storm the coasts of Africa as a member of a Tank Destroyer battalion. His outfit landed a few miles west of Oran and pushed on toward Medjez-El-Bab where they were attached to the British infantry.

"We saw our first action there," Rice said, "but we got the best the Nazis could offer when we reached Tebourba and Tunisia. At that time, around Dec. 2, 1942, we were covering an American infantry position and the shells and planes were doing their best to wipe us out. They tried artillery on us. Then various types of mortars and finally Messerschmitts and Stukas. They threw the book at us."

The first time Sgt. Rice was wounded, which was during the Tebourba-Tunisia engagement, he gave himself first aid and continued fighting. The second time, he was hit by machine-gun fire and sent to a British hospital. While there he was awarded the Croix de Guerre, but at the time he didn't realize what was going on.

"The French kept looking for me and finally found me hospitalized," he recalled. "They pinned something on me with much ceremony, but it was in French and I couldn't understand it. It turned out that I'd been given the highest decoration awarded by the French for heroism in battle."

On the way back to duty after recovering from his wounds, Rice had to abandon the jeep in which he was riding when it came under enemy machine-gun fire and the driver was killed. After taking cover Rice remembered that valuable military documents were still in the vehicle. For more than 2½ hours he inched toward the abandoned jeep, making only a few feet at a time, always under heavy machine-gun and mortar fire.

"Halfway there," he said, "I was spotted, and they really opened up on me. I had to make a dash for it. Bullets flew all around me, but I reached the jeep, picked up my dead buddy and drove out of there as fast as I could.

"I brought back information about the enemy positions. Since I had been the closest I could tell our own gunners nearly the exact position. It wasn't long before we got the range and our guns silenced them."

For that little business Rice was decorated again, this time the Silver Star. He went through the remainder of the African campaign and well into the Italian campaign before he was wounded for the third time. That time, however, the wound was so serious that he was returned to the States and hospitalized at Butler, Pa., for four months before he was sent here. Before entering the Army he lived at Cleveland, Ohio.

"No, I don't want a discharge in spite of my wounds," said Sgt. Rice. "I guess I'm out of active fighting now. I'm going to miss it, but I don't want a discharge."

—Sgt. FRANK H. RICE

Under machine-gun fire, he inched toward the jeep.

He Felt Like an Officer

Camp Plauche, La.—Sgt. Tom Swan of Headquarters Company, ASFTC, tells this one.

Hurrying to work one morning, Swan was approached by a soldier who asked him gingerly: "Don't you know the first rule of military courtesy, soldier?"

"Say, what is this?" said Swan.

"Don't you salute officers, sergeant?" the other asked.

"Yeah, when there's any around to highball," said Swan. "Why?"

"Well, then——"

And as he spoke the soldier began feeling for brass on his collar, but none was there. A hasty examination of his cap failed to reveal any either. Actually a commissioned officer, he made his apologies. He had forgotten his insignia.

"He turned all colors," said Swan in telling of the incident.

—Cpl. JOHN A. SALDIN

A ROUGH NIGHT

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—It was a hot Florida night. A Pennsylvania boy had just been promoted from T-5 to T-4, and he and his pal had been celebrating. Came closing time and as they left the joint the new T-4 missed the step and fell flat on his face.

"Quit your shoving," he growled.

"I didn't shove you," his pal protested.

Raising himself on his elbow, the promoted one surveyed the situation and said: "Well, then it's damned icy."

Quit Women for Swimmin'

Ardmore AAF, Okla.—One thing the Army can't do is tell a man to dance when he wants to swim, according to Col. H. H. Upham.

The colonel received a complaint from a GI with that old-time civilian gallantry that "the men of this organization ran off to swim and left their dates to dance alone" at an outing sponsored by the outfit.

Answering the complaint in the weekly publication, *Bombs Away*, the colonel stated that section COs cannot dictate to the men what they shall do at a social function. "If swimming is more inviting than dancing," he wrote, "well—."

Camp News

Pro Wrestler Turns Talents to War

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—Cpl. Frank (Bulldog) Atkinson, onetime professional light-heavyweight wrestler, claims he was one of the first professional athletes to enlist in this war.

On his way to Australia to wrestle, Atkinson was standing near his baggage on Fort Island, a few miles from Pearl Harbor, when the first bombs fell the morning of Dec. 7, 1941. He went to work with the rescue party, removing the dead and injured and making himself generally useful all over the island. Two days later at Schofield Barracks he donned a pair of dog tags.

Bulldog wore an MP brassard for a year in Hawaii and then joined the Infantry as a director of athletics. He saw action at Guadalcanal, Buna and Hollandia, and after he was wounded he was shipped home on rotation and assigned to the Southern Personnel Reassignment Center here. He is a native of Dallas, Tex., and outside the ring he is as meek as a lamb, and a perfect gentleman.

On one occasion in New Guinea, near Buna, his knowledge of wrestling came in handy. He and five other infantrymen were on patrol in the jungle. They proceeded as far as a clearing and pitched camp before they discovered that 25 yards ahead a nine-man Jap patrol lay dug in. At about the same time, it seems, Japs discovered the Yanks.

"We thought the Japs had a regiment or two in back of them," Atkinson says, "and they must have thought the same thing about us, so we set out to wipe each other out quiet-like."

In the free-for-all hand-to-hand tiff that followed, Bulldog broke the arms and legs of at least two opponents with a flying mare, a back body drop and an ogasaki dive, the latter being a Judo touch.

—Pfc. JOE DEITCH

Cpl. Frank (Bulldog) Atkinson used Judo on Japs.

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Astronomical Figures

Greenville AAB, S. C.—The following information is presented for whatever it's worth. To travel via a B-25 Mitchell bomber to the M31 nebula in the constellation Andromeda, which is the only spiral nebula visible to the naked eye, the following would be required:

3,013,200,000,000 years of flying 24 hours a day at 200 mph.
2,639,563,200,000,000,000 gallons of gas at 100 gallons per hour.
8,798,564,000,000 Mitchell bombers at 3,000 hours per bomber.
100,000,000,000 pilots at 30 years of flying per pilot.
7,888,689,600,000,000,000 C ration books.

Where the necessary air to support the bombers in interplanetary space would come from, the members of the Greenville RTU navigation staff did not say. —S/Sgt. CODY PFANSTIEHL

AROUND THE CAMPS

Municipal Airport, Memphis, Tenn.—S/Sgt. Ralph J. Galanti of the 26th Squadron here sometimes thinks he pulled the most colossal boner of the war. Making his third trip over the "Hump" from Assam Valley in India to Kunming, China, with 14 privates and two lieutenants aboard, Galanti radioed when 45 minutes out that he was coming in with "two Santa Clauses and 14 reindeer aboard." When the transport landed, Maj. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, some Chinese generals, dozens of American colonels and all the staff cars that could be assembled were waiting. The code phrase Galanti had erroneously used stood for two generals and members of their staffs.

Camp Claiborne, La.—Motion-picture expert of the 84th Division is Pvt. Marshall Pitler of Service Battery, 909th Field Artillery. Pvt. Pitler estimates he has seen 3,500 movies in his lifetime and purchased at least 3,000 movie magazines. His personal friends among the stars include Gene Kelly and William Wythe. While at Carnegie Tech studying dramatics he worked with the Pittsburgh Playhouse and since coming into the service has appeared in the USO production of "My Sister Eileen," which played hereabouts.

Fort Jackson, S. C.—The CO of a combat engineers outfit here evidently can't forget the fact that he was a school teacher as a civilian. When men in his company make a mistake on their laundry slips he makes them write "I am sorry that I made a mistake on my laundry slip" 50 times.

Camp Crowder, Mo. — When the 529th Signal Operations Company had a field detail scheduled during a downpour one day, Pvt. Dixon Stillwell reported without a raincoat. Sgt. William Bader, in charge of the formation, ordered Stillwell to return to the barracks and grab the first raincoat he could find. Stillwell obeyed to the letter and was soon back with the formation. Two hours later he returned a muddy and water-soaked raincoat to its astonished and irate owner —Sgt. Bader.

WIRED FOR SOUND

Deshon General Hospital, Pa.—This hospital specializes in the rehabilitation of the hard-of-hearing. One of the first steps in the treatment of such a patient is the selection of a hearing aid for him.

When questioned on what he was doing at Deshon, Sgt. Jimmy Shaw of Tampa, Fla., quipped: "Who, me? I'm being wired for sound."

GHOST STORY

Thayer General Hospital, Tenn.—Lt. Nonnie Mai Smith telephoned Conditioning Service the other day and said she was transferring Pvt. Ira C. Dedman there from Ward 204.

"What was that?" asked the CS telephonee She told him.

"I'm sorry, Lt. Smith," said the voice, "this is Conditioning Service. You want the morgue."

A Wave Chooses To Jump For Her PR1c Rating

Corpus Christi, Tex.—Kathleen Robertson PR1c is believed to be the first Wave ever to make the jump as a parachute rigger.

Male Navy parachute riggers earn their rating by jumping in a parachute of their own packing, but for Waves the jump is optional. Kathleen exercised the option. The only girl among the 36 scheduled for the 2,000-foot jump, she calmly received last-minute instructions, walked to the open door of the plane when her time came and took off into space. She landed feet first, fell backward in the prescribed manner and rolled back to her feet like a veteran.

"Wonderful," she said. "I can hardly wait to submit a request for another jump."

Kathleen hails from Norwood, Mass. She enlisted in the Navy in October 1942, received boot training at Cedar Falls, Iowa, and graduated from Parachute Riggers School at Lakehurst, N. J., before she came aboard the Naval Air Training Center here in 1943.

Dull Hours Plus Seashells Equal Paying Hobby

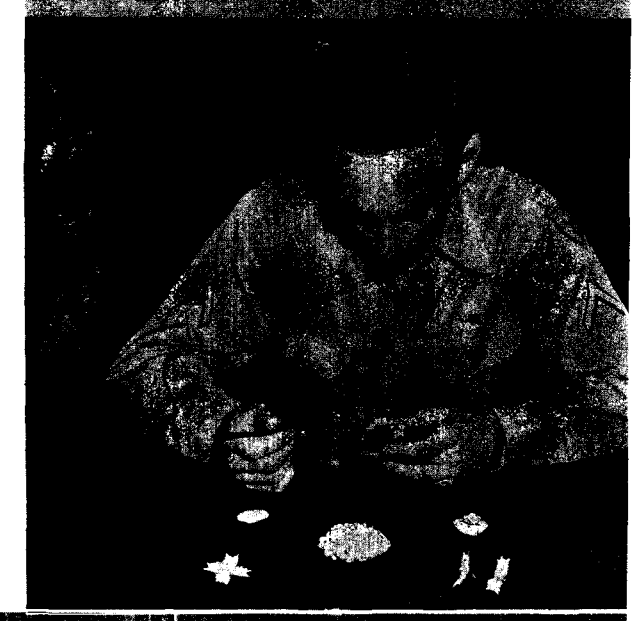
Camp Lee, Va.—One of the deadest places in the world is an Army dispensary between the hours of 2400 and 0600, but Pfc. Bruce Prouty of Madison, Ohio, found a way to make the time pass profitably and fast.

Last winter, while on a 10-day furlough in Florida, Prouty noticed the thousands of small seashells that had been washed ashore by the tide, and they gave him an idea. When he came back to the camp he had a suitcase full of them.

In the hours when the rest of the camp is asleep Prouty spends his time between calls making costume jewelry of the shells. In one hour, if he isn't interrupted, he can make a set of small multicolored earrings or a cross pin. He has a ready market for them among local Army nurses and wives of servicemen.

"I get a big kick out of this work," Prouty says, "and it's a simple way for a pfc to boost his monthly pay to that of a master sergeant."

—Cpl. GORDON COY Jr.



BRINGING UP FATHER. T/Sgt. Joseph San Fratello (right) of Stuttgart Army Air Field, Ark., just got word he was father of twins. T/Sgt. Raymond Pittillo kindly lends his own twin sons so that the new pappy may get in some practice.

SERVICE DE LUXE. The base hospital at Stockton Field, Calif., has a new wrinkle in bedside phone service. Here Pvt. E. M. Bryerly puts through a call to home as E. C. DeVere, local telephone manager, stands by the bed with set

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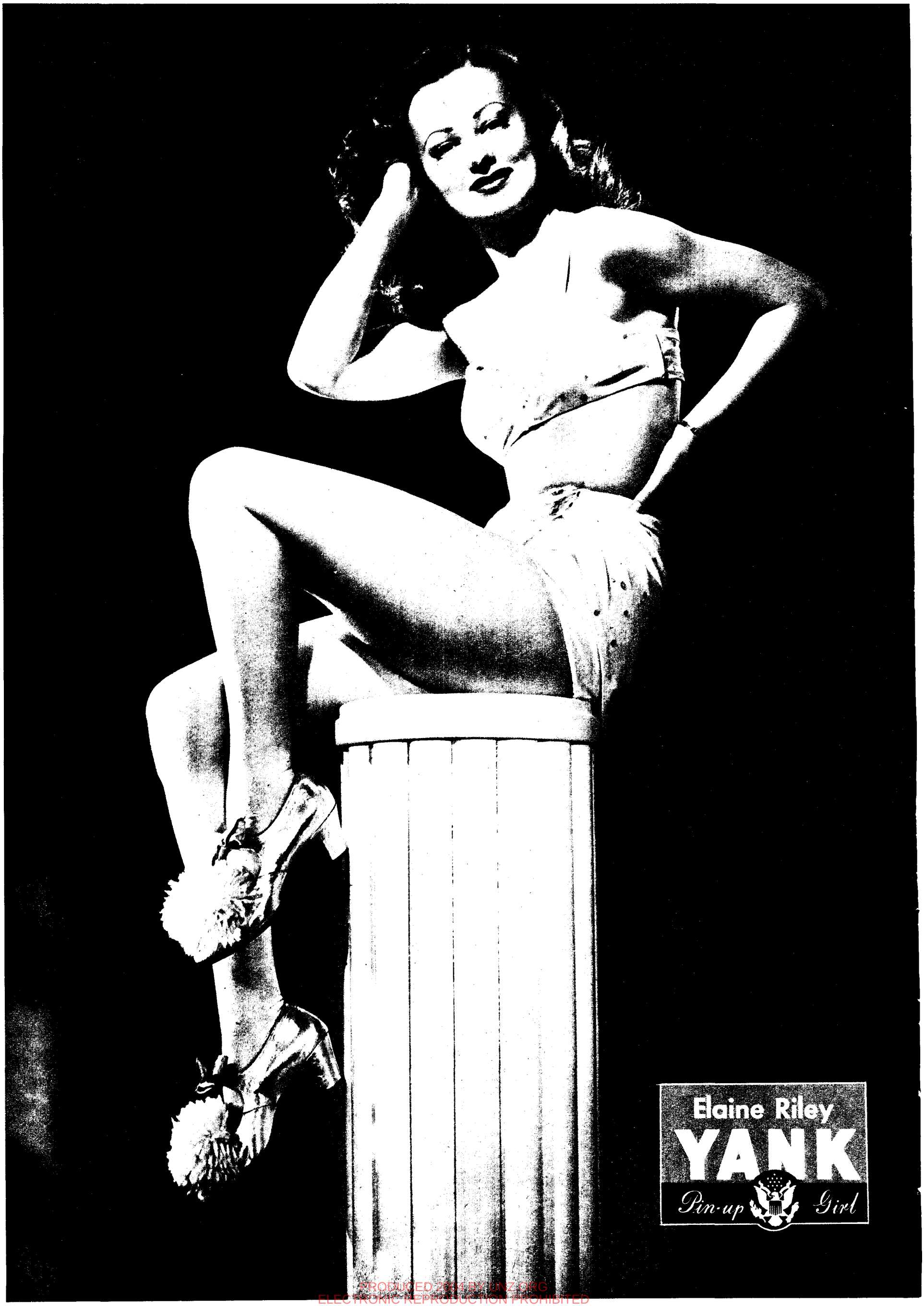

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The Poets Cornered

FRANCE 1940

Europe is a quiet land.
There is something dozing
In the soil here
That all the noise and rattle of war
Will never awaken.

It is the sound sleep of the old philosopher
Resting in the shade,
The weary nod of the scholar
With the dusty book and the half-closed eye.

He has been everywhere,
Has seen it all,
And his taste for battle
Has long been satisfied.
Now he will not even turn his head
To watch these new warriors
Crawl through the hedge and
Die on his trampled breast.
He is not moved.

Listen to the earth call to us:
"Come back to your mother's womb
And rest a while."

And the nervous poets look
At the tired dirt
While the jealous claw
That holds them fast to the great root
Of America
Slackens its grip,
As if the journey was over
And this at last
Was perhaps the spirit's final sanctuary.

France —Pfc. JOHN M. BEHM

ELEGY FOR AN AMERICAN

The time to mourn is short that best becomes
The military dead. We lift and fold the flag,
Lay bare the coffin with its written tag
And march away. Behind, four others wait
To lift the box, the heaviest of loads.
The anesthetic afternoon benumbs,
Sickens our senses, forces back our talk.
We know that others on tomorrow's roads
Will fall, ourselves perhaps, the man beside,
Over the world they threatened, all who walk;
And could we mark the grave of him who died
We would write this beneath his name and date:

EPITAPH

Under this wooden cross there lies
A Christian killed in battle. You who read
Remember that this stranger died in pain,
And passing here, if you can lift your eyes
Upon a peace kept by the human creed,
Know that one soldier has not died in vain.

New Guinea —Pfc. KARL J. SHAPIRO

TWENTY-ONE DAYS—ONE HUNDRED

The old familiar *Basic Field Manual*, officially known as FM 21-100, is no more. A new pamphlet, "Army Life" fills the orientation needs of basic-training recruits, and everything else in the *Basic Field Manual* is either duplicated in other training manuals or is obsolete . . . —*YANK, The Army Weekly.*

Aye, tear its tattered pages out:
Declare it obsolete.
All for the scrap drive's open snout,
Rescind, destroy, delete!

What matter that this midget tome
Was blueprint to our life,
Adviser, counsel, bridge from home
To Army? Whet the knife!

Yes, abrogate, annul, revoke;
Proclaim afar the ban.
Replace the Handbook? Heartless joke!
It fears no mortal man.

It lives, in spite of protocol,
Ingrained in all our brains;
Shot though it was against the wall,
Its spirit still remains.

Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif. —T-4 JOHN W. GREENLEAF

THE DAY

The day! The day!
Think of the wonder of the day!
Think not about this lonely heart, my mind.
There are fair thoughts for meditation,
And there are fair sights to see.
This moment must be lived! We must not die
Because today is not the same as yesterday;
Each day is fair in its own way.
Laugh now, smile now, now plan, and go about
Your business with a light, free spirit, glad
That when tomorrow opens out the door
Upon tomorrow's garden path
That leads to life and love anew,
There shall be smiles still couching on your lips
And laughter that's not lost its ring;
Sing now that you will not forget the words of song!

India —Sgt. CARLYLE A. OBERLE

THE REASONS

Resting at sunset, feet in a rut
By the roadside; champing the half-cooked
Hash that unskilled cooks hurl in our kits
In slabs; resting with soft sunset lights
Over the wave of woods dark green
In shadows, emerald under slanting rays,
Peaceful falling shadows (already half asleep);
Ruminating the reasons why men love
A soldier's life. Beauty striking at the heart
At sunset after the long bitter struggle
Over stony trails in pack harness;
The passive acceptance of hardships
(The cool grin at unforeseen orders);
Labor in the muddy gun emplacement;
The ominous port of embarkation
And the sector of trapped jungle,
Fanged Japanese under the dead logs;
Passive acceptance of hardships
(The cool, calculating grin)—how many
Lives for a hundred yards of fever and swamp?
This is why men love a soldier's life.
Sudden beauty by a strange road,
Passive acceptance (sly grin at hardships),
And, high above all, the holy right
To hurl mean flesh at death, to dare
Infinity, the small fears forgotten.
This is why men love a soldier's life.

New Guinea —Cpl. HARGIS WESTERFIELD

THE RECONVERSION

The man you sent off to war may be a problem for a while when he gets home even if he never left the country. That's the opinion of Col. William C. Menninger, chief of the division of neuropsychiatry, Office of the Surgeon General, who believes that many veterans are going to have first-class problems in reconversion on their hands. Some of the worst sufferers, the Army psychiatrist predicted, will be the clerks who became colonels and the messenger boys who became majors.—*Louisville (Ky.) Times.*

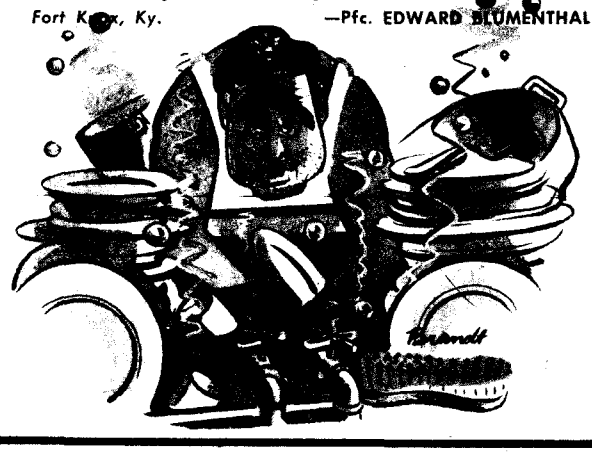
When bugles sound their final notes
And bombs explode no more
And we return to what we did
Before we went to war,
The sudden shift of status
On the ladder of success
Will make some worthy gentlemen
Feel like an awful mess.

Just think of some poor captain
Minus all his silver bars
Standing up behind some counter
Selling peanuts and cigars;
And think of all the majors
When their oak leaf's far behind
And the uniform they're wearing
Is the Western Union kind.

Shed a tear for some poor colonel
If he doesn't feel himself;
Jerking sodas isn't easy
When your eagle's on the shelf.
'Tis a bitter pill to swallow,
'Tis a matter for despair;
Being messengers and clerks again's
A mighty cross to bear.

So be kind to working people
That you meet where'er you go,
For the guy who's washing dishes
May have been your old CO.

Fort Knox, Ky. —Pfc. EDWARD BLUMENTHAL



Message Center

FRED ASHLEY of Sioux City, Iowa, last heard of on *USS Mississippi*, 1940: write Sgt. Marvin Lensink, Sec. A, 2516th Base Unit, AAF, Eagle Pass, Tex. . . . FRANK BOYER, with QM outfit in India: write Pfc. Edward G. Woods, Deshon Gen. Hosp. Annex, New Castle, Pa. . . . Maj. WILLIAM BRADFIELD of Spokane, Wash., in Dutch Harbor in 1941-42: write Cpl. Gil Sodenberg, DA 6-16, CCD, AAB, Dalhart, Tex. . . . Pvt. DEAN T. CURLEE, inducted at Lubbock, Tex., last January: write Pvt. Patsy R. Stalcup, Sec. D, 701 AAFBU, Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. . . . FREDERICK HAAS S1c of Los Angeles, Calif., last heard of in 1941 aboard the *USS Tulsa*: write Sgt. Lawrence A. Loquet, Med. Det., 3d Inf., Fort Benning, Ga. . . . Lt. ELIZABETH ISSACS of New Jersey, somewhere in the South Pacific with the ANC: write Cpl. James Dashiell, 640 QM Laundry Co., Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla. . . . S/Sgt. J. JACKSON, once at AAFTTC, Miami, Fla.: write Pvt. Bob Zirk, 13 Tact. Rcn. Sq., AAB, DeRidder, La. . . . Sgt. ALFRED JACOBS with the Air Corps in Trinidad: write Pvt. Julius Kohn, Btry. A, 13th CA, Fort Barrancas, Fla. . . . PAUL KIEL, once at Camp Crowder and Kelly Field: write Cpl. Walter Lloyd, 331st BU, Sq. Y, Barksdale Field, La. . . . T/Sgt. RAY KORMAN, formerly with the 8th Serv. Command, Texas: write T-4 Jake Schoenhof, Hq. & SV Co., 540 Amph. Trac. Bn., Fort Ord. Calif. . . . LARRY LANG, recently inducted: write Pvt. Philip J. Schacca, Med. Det., 424th Inf., APO 443, Camp Atterbury, Ind. . . . T-5 PAT LATESSA, once at Crile Gen. Hosp., Cleveland, Ohio: write Pfc. Nick Fatica, Ward B-1, Sta. Hosp., Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . EDWARD R. MARTIN, last heard of in the 168th FA Bn.: write Cpl. Floyce H. Booker, Hq. Btry., 262d FA Bn., Camp Polk, La. . . . BILL OSTROFF, formerly in the 108th FA: write S/Sgt. Harry Marks, Co. K, 253d Inf., Camp Van Dorn, Miss. . . . Pvt. TONY PERIERA, last heard of in New Guinea: write Sgt. Joe Incas, Ward 14, Oliver Gen. Hosp., Augusta, Ga. . . . DOROTHY MARIE PERRONE, joined WAC in Utica, N. Y., last January: write Pfc. Robert H. Skinner, 2132d AAF Base Unit, Sec. C-3, Maxwell Field, Ala. . . . PVT. STANLEY E. POLLITT, last heard of in Florida: write Cpl. Gene R. Nadig, Co. C, 750th Tank Bn., Fort Jackson, S. C. . . . Pfc. HARRY READY, last heard of in England: write Pfc. Ira Shulman & S/Sgt. Bavio, Co. A, 406th Inf., APO 102, Fort Dix, N. J. . . . S/Sgt. KENNETH RUSHIA, somewhere in Italy: write Pvt. Donald E. Thwaits, 610 AAF Med. Sec. F, Eglin Field, Fla. . . . Pfc. SOL SPIELMAN, formerly with the 135th Engrs., Camp Van Dorn, Miss.: write Pfc. Alfred Myers, 116th AAF Base Unit, AAB, Fort Dix, N. J. . . . Lt. JOAN STERKINBERGE, ANC, once at Sta. Hosp., Lowry Field, Denver, Colo.: write Pfc. William F. Poston, Sec. F3706, AAFBU, Sheppard Field, Tex. . . . BERT STOUT, formerly from S. Belmar, N. J.: write Sgt. Kittine, A-718 FA Bn., APO 410, Camp Van Dorn, Miss. . . . Cpl. JULIA TAYLOR, WAC, somewhere overseas: write Pvt. Bob Flanagan Jr., Sec. M, Box 374, Keesler Field, Miss. . . . Sgt. JOSEPH A. TOMCZYK, with the 701st Engr. Bn.: write Sgt. Stanley A. Tomczyk, Co. B, 399th Inf., APO 447, Fort Bragg, N. C. . . . Pvt. HARRY TRANSUE, last heard of in ASTU, Providence College, R. I.: write Pvt. Robert C. Beers, 12th Alt. Tng. Unit, CAAB, Columbia, S. C. . . . Lt. ROBERT E. WALTHER, last heard of with 327th Bomb. Sq.: write Pfc. Norman R. Walther, Hq. Btry., 490 Armd. FA Bn., APO 261, Camp Cooke, Calif. . . . JOHN WENE S1c, formerly of Armed Guard Center, San Francisco, Calif.: write A/C George Habeeb, Sec. S, Sq. H, Flt. 3, Class 45-A, AAFPFS, Maxwell Field, Ala. . . . GLENN WIGGINS of Minneapolis, Minn., last stationed in Sicily with an FA Bn.: write Pfc. Don Thorsen, Hq. & Hq. Co. TPS, Fort Benning, Ga. . . . Lt. RICHARD L. WILLIAMS, last heard of in Italy: write Pvt. Herbert K. Williams, Sec. I, AAF, Amarillo, Tex. . . . Lt. JOHN WHITTAKER, stationed at Laurel, Md., before the war: write Pfc. Archie S. Flohr, 213th AAF BU CCTS (H), Sec. A, AAF, Mountain Home, Idaho.

TO PROVE to skeptics that a good-looking girl is not necessarily brainless, Elaine Riley once interrupted her modeling career and became a private secretary. Fortunately for pin-up devotees, she did not continue to hide her lines behind a desk. She pushed back her chair and went to Hollywood. Her new movie for RKO Radio is "The Girl Rush."

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PX

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Teensy Weensy

Two months ago, while Cpl. Shanks had been on furlough, he had had to watch his Aunt May's pity-me eyes on him and hear her complaints about not even one "teensy weensy" post card from him in the whole year before he'd been home. She said "teensy weensy" in just the same way she'd always spoken to him years before. Like when he first showed resistance to an absurd, pitiful assumption of parental authority.

He sat before the typewriter now, staring at it. The blank sheet of paper inserted in the machine threw a glare from the orderly-room lights. One thing about this outfit, he reflected, corporals pulled CQ, but that was all they pulled. But thinking about that wasn't writing the letter, either.

If you moved the typewriter just a trifle, there'd be no glare on the keys, and that was good when you weren't sure of your typing, anyway.

Aunt May had been a hell of a lot older when he was home this time. It must be lousy to have to beg for a nephew's letter.

Slowly, and in spite of the six or seven GIs kidding around by the first sergeant's desk, he started to type: *Dear Aunt May.*

He remembered the time she begged him not to tell his uncle that she had whipped him. Only she wasn't "teensy weensy" then. She was only scared, he thought as he struggled to grasp the first words for his letter. Or maybe she was scared and glad—glad that she had had the courage to take the place of his mother that much. Until he grew up to run away, and then to stay away, he knew this curious affection that sought to envelop and conquer him.

His uncle wouldn't let her forget: "He's not yours, May. He's not yours." And she grew older and broke her heart standing up to that knowledge.

He sighed and saw his letter get no further. He gave a few unintelligible answers to unimportant questions some of the boys were asking. Who're you writing to, kid? Gotcherself a gal? When's the pin-up coming? So he smiled as he saw his Aunt May, an ageless cadaver in a pink sarong.

Dear Aunt May: How are you? I am fine. Training in our Squadron is coming along fine. This is a wonderful place and quite unlike anything at home. How is Uncle Joe, and did Mrs. Jody have her baby yet? I tried to look up that Master Sergeant who you say is also stationed here and is one of my cousins on Uncle Joe's side, or did you say Uncle Henry's side, or what did you say . . .

The lights in the orderly room got brighter, or Cpl. Shanks got sleepier, but anyway the glare on the keys was back again. He jerked the paper out of the typewriter, got up and walked with it in his hand to the furthermost light and put the light out, walked back to the next light, put it out. Then Cpl. Shanks slowly tore up the letter in his hand into small, deliberate bits as he went back to his desk.

He sat down, rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and shoved the crib of the desk back to let the typewriter roll away out of view.

Then he pulled a picture post card out of his pocket and addressed it in pencil, after which he decided it was about time to check his KP list for the morning.

ACSTC, Fresno, Calif. —Cpl. VICTOR KLINGER

CODE OF THE LATRINE ORDERLY

When eating oranges, remember our code:
No orange peelin's in the commode!

AAFBU, Inglewood, Calif. —Sgt. SHELBY FRIEDMAN

RANK REFLECTION

I vow that I
  Would never gripe
Could I but wear
  Just one more stripe.

But then again
  It seems to me
I felt that way
  As pfc.

Camp Atterbury, Ind. —Cpl. G. G. DOWLING

Dry Wine in the Mess Hall

It all started when the civilian employees on the post began eating at our mess hall. Garbed in rainbow-colored summer outfits, they brought a new glamor to our chow line, even though the rapidly rotating KPs saw the change mainly in terms of more pots and pans to scour.

Some guys were already hurrying back to work when Pfc. Grolnick and I passed them on the morning-glory ramp. "Anything good for chow?" I asked them in passing.

"Spaghetti," answered one of them enthusiastically. Whereupon Pfc. Grolnick did what he did.

"Wouldn't be so bad," he said innocently, "if we had some wine with our meals occasionally."

"Yep," says I, "dry port wine and spaghetti for chow. Really hit the spot."

The damage was done. Some medics must have overheard us, because we traced the story back later on. Wine for chow! Claret, burgundy, muscatel spread over the hospital wards like a California flood.

By the time it reached the medics' orderly room it was cocktails. Yessir, the civilians were dining at mess hall No. 2 and spirits were flowing like water!

Both orderly-room telephones rang continuously. Was it true? How come? What was it? Roma, Cresta Blanca, White Horse Scotch or Vat 69?

The first sergeant sent the assistant first sergeant to investigate. Col. Geoghegan sent Maj. Ecker to check up and bring back the whole story and some samples.

Somebody went running down the street toward headquarters yelling that the war must be over since there was celebrating and drinking. The nearby fire station let go with sirens and whistles. Auxiliary firemen came running and some commandeered cars as per official bulletin No. 24.

The post CO, Brig. Gen. Kynch, called out the MPs and ordered all gates closed. Double guard was thrown around the prisoner stockade. A contingent of Marines from a base nearby, especially trained in handling riots, careened to a stop in front of the gate and ordered the MPs to let them in. Remembering their special orders, the MPs refused, whereupon the Marines opened up with tear gas, climbed the fences and infiltrated toward mess hall No. 2, where all the trouble seemed to have started. Somebody opened the valves on the big water tank and the base unit had its first shower in months.

Things were beginning to get seriously out of hand when Brig. Gen. Kynch radioed a passing Navy blimp that floated in over the base. The quick-witted lieutenant commander aboard the blimp turned on the superdynamic loudspeaker and a terrible voice bellowed out of the heavens, "Hat Ease!"

Everybody stopped, breathless.

The spell was broken. The water tower stopped pouring. KPs and MPs straightened their gig pins and went back to work. And up against the hills a lazy silver blimp drifted into the low fog.

Santa Ana AAF, Calif. —Pfc. JOSEPH LUFT

LETTER FROM AN ARMY CAMP

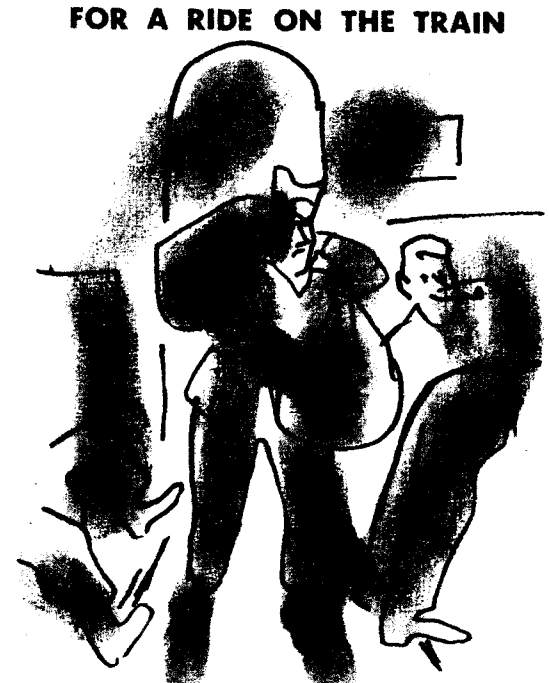
I have waited long for the stars tonight,
Waited tense with breath bated; for the stars are clean here
And they cover the sky's water like the foam of waves.
I have waited long for the good darkness to come
And the gentle strength of the night wind; for then
The wind's fingers press the brow and comfort the cheek
And the breeze feels white as it runs through the body.
I have waited long to lie here on the grass again
And look up at the pin-splinters of light in the dark velvet;
For then are you in hand-touch of me
And I can close my tendrils of thought around your image
And know warmth from the thinking of you.

For here in the soft night, the mind refuses distance
And jumps vast beaches of time to nestle close
To your remembrance; for the long, dull, weary
Physical of my life melts in your presence
And memories color the bleak soul and life is a bright picture inside.

It can't be loneliness I feel. A lonely man
Feels clams in the middle of him and spears in his heart;
But here in the open territory of night, beneath the high purple,
I am filled with you and red with the embers
Of your memory, and syllables form on my heart to talk to you.
I have waited long for the night's coming, and the wind-sounds
And you spoke to me as my soul promised.
I can want no more now.

Fort Benning, Ga. —O/C ELLSWORTH E. ROSEN

CPL. ERNEST MAXWELL GOES FOR A RIDE ON THE TRAIN



Man with no place to go.

Women and children first.

—So long as we have each other.

The fortunes of war.

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SPORTS: WHO'LL GO ROSE BOWLING? SOUTHERN CAL? MAYBE UCLA

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

GATHERED around us this week are the five loneliest men in the world. They are the Messrs. L. B. (Stub) Allison, E. C. (Babe) Horrell, Amos Alonzo Stagg, Ralph (Pest) Welch and Jeff Cravat the only active members in Greater Brotherhood of Pacific Coast coaches. So tightly are they bound together that they play each other at least twice during the season and never see an eastern football team anymore, except in the newsreels.

Mr. Allison, don't you find your job at California a lot easier with no Stanford, no Oregon and no Santa Clara to play?

"What's easier about it? Instead of playing a regular schedule we have to double up with UCLA and USC and take two lickings instead of the customary one. I don't think there's any question about the best teams in our league. UCLA and USC are much the best. Just a notch below them I like Washington, College of Pacific, then California. Our backfield is small and lacks a triple-threater. Bob Celeri, quarterback, is only 17 years old and weighs 155 pounds; George Quist and Joe Stuart, halfbacks, are 160-pounders and John Loper at fullback weighs 165 pounds. I don't know what I'm going to do for a triple-threater. I'll probably have to pull center Roger Harding, back to do the kicking. Maybe Mr. Horrell at UCLA could lend me one of his triple-threaters. He's got both Bob Waterfield and George Phillips back this year."

Which is the best, Mr. Horrell? Waterfield, your 1942 star, or Phillips, your 1941 star?

"There's little to choose between them. If the tape and braces hold out Waterfield should be the best passer and punter in the country. Phillips has been shifted from fullback to quarterback to help Waterfield. He's a 6-foot-3, 200-pounder who can really sprint and kick a ball a mile. We should have a strong first team, but I don't think you can compare it with our 1942 Rose Bowl squad. We'll win our share against college competition, but we'll probably take four good lickings from March Field, San Diego Naval, Alameda Coast Guard and St. Mary's Pre-Flight."

Now, gentlemen, let's hear from Mr. Alonzo Stagg, who has already taken a licking from a service team. His College of Pacific Tigers were beaten, 7-6, by the Fleet City Blue Jackets from Camp Shoemaker.

"Last year I had a perfect snap in coaching. All of my boys were fine football players at St. Mary's before they came to me. I didn't have a single jackass on the squad. But this year I expect to earn my salary. I haven't a regular or substitute from last year's team, and only 10 of my 21 boys have ever played football at all. One end, Milhaupt, used to be a center; both guards, Semon and Cousins, and Pohl at quarterback have never played football before; Jackson at center played only one year of tackle in high school and Muenter was shifted from guard to fullback. Everything depends on how Fred Klemenok, our tailback, holds up. He looks like an excellent broken field runner and passer and both Mrs. Stagg and I like the way he runs the team."

Mr. Welch, for a man who lost 19 lettermen from his Washington Rose Bowl team, you are looking strangely cheerful.

"Well, gentlemen, every cloud has a silver lining. Mine happens to be Andy Walsh, a tranfer halfback from Edinboro State Teachers. He's the best passer we've ever had at Washington and should make a great difference in our team. Besides Andy, we have Jess Simpson, Keith DeCourcey, Bobo Moore, Bob Zech and Bob Gilmore, all veterans. In the line there's Gordon Berlin, a truly great center; Hank Melusky, a fine freshman end, and Jim McCurdy, a guard who used to play center for Stanford. Can any of you gentlemen tell me if those are redwoods or Southern Cal tackles I've been seeing all the way from Seattle."

Bob Waterfield, shown here on 20-yard end sweep, will quarterback UCLA again after spending a year in the Army.

Come clean, Mr. Cravath. Do you have another Rose Bowl team under your lash at Southern Cal?

"It's almost the same team that played in the Rose Bowl last season, so figure it out for yourself. Six of our first-stringers are lettermen: left end Don Hardy, left tackle John Ferraro, right tackle Marshall Romer, quarterback Jim Hardy, left half George Callanan and right half Gordon Gray. Another letterman, Milt Dreblow, backs up Gray. As I see it, gentlemen, football is war without guns, and who in the hell wants to lose a war?"

SOCK TO SCIENCE. Ens. Charlie Keller, Yankee power hitter, does a blood count in the Merchant Marine Laboratory at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y. He's now aboard ship as junior purser-pharmacist's mate.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

HERE'S a new list of big-time athletes now operating in and around Hawaii: **Lt. Frank Leahy**, Notre Dame coach; **Lt. Johnny Beazley**, Cardinal pitching ace; **Lt. Bill Dickey** and **Ken Sears S1c**, former Yankee catchers; **Schoolboy Rowe S2c** and **Virgil Trucks S2c**, Great Lakes pitching stars. . . . **F/O Phil Marchildon**, former Athletics' pitcher, who was reported here as missing after a raid on Kiel, is now a PW in Germany. . . . To give you an idea how good the Great Lakes baseball team was, the poorest hitter of the regulars was **Gene Woodling** with a shameful .342 average. Great Lakes won 48 out of 50 games, a record that's comparable only to the Sampson Naval team, which won 26 of 27 starts.

GIs in Iran are comparing **S/Sgt. Urban Moeller**, right-hander from Scribner, Nebr., with Walter Johnson. They say Moeller has the same easy manner as Johnson, both were relaxed under pressure, both were farmers and you could tell it from the bleachers. . . . When **T-5 Al Hostak**, former middleweight champ, shoved off for paratroop school he told chums at Camp Bowie: "I'll be taking all my dives feet first from now on." . . . **Moe Berg**, who can catch conversation in seven languages, is attached to the AMG staff in Rome as an interpreter. . . . **S/Sgt. Walt Judnich**, outfielder for the Seventh AAF team in Hawaii, is coming home because he suffers with asthma.

Killed in action: **Cpl. Jim Mooney**, former Georgetown All-American footballer and one of the greatest punters of the past 20 years, in France with the Infantry Battalion. . . *Died:* **CPO Gus Sonnenberg**, exponent of the flying tackle in wrestling, at the Bethesda Naval Hospital following siege of illness diagnosed as leukemia. . . . *Commissioned:* **Al Hust**, captain and end on Tennessee's 1942 Sugar Bowl team, as a second lieutenant in the Engineers. . . . *Transferred:* **Johnny Vander Meer S2c**, Cincinnati's double no-hit ace, from Sampson (N. Y.) Naval Center to the South Pacific; **S/Sgt. Greg Mangin**, ex-Davis Cup star and holder of the DFC and Purple Heart, from Fifteenth AF, Italy, to Redistribution Station, Miami, Fla. . . . *Discharged:* **Sammy Snead S1c**, pro golf star, from the Navy with a CDD because of a back injury.

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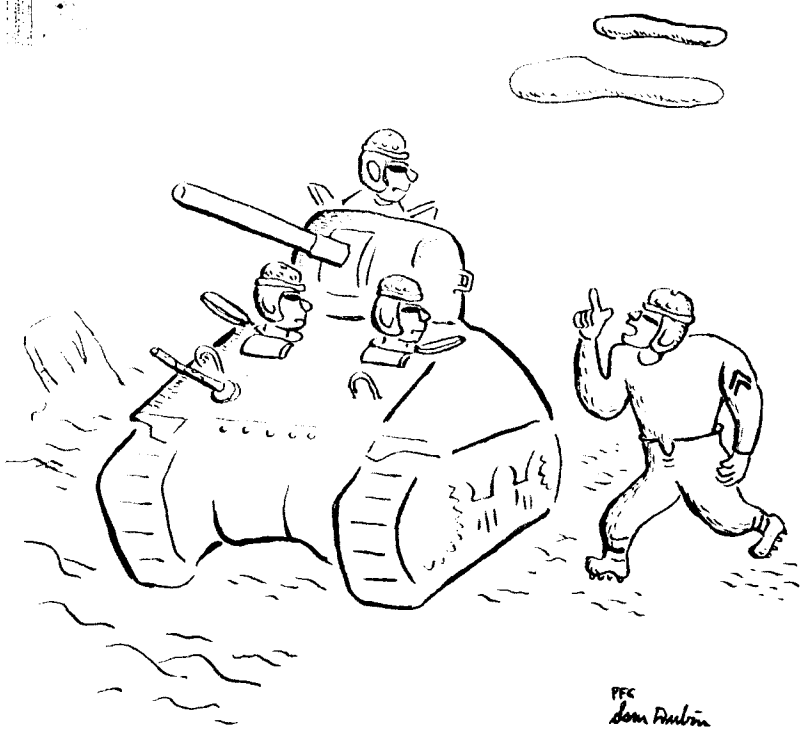
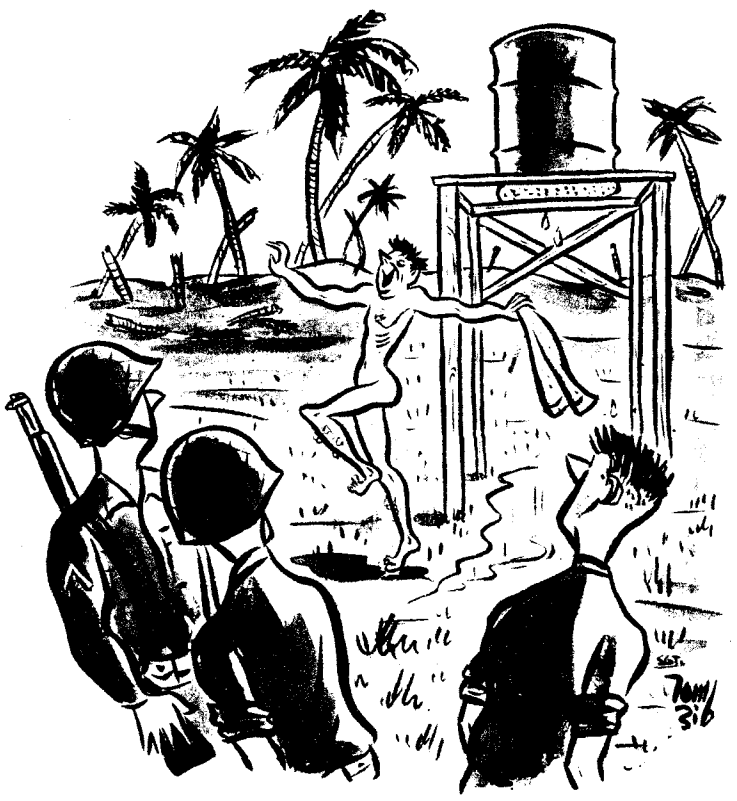


"SUBSTITUTION! CPL. MITNIK FOR PFC. BITCHWELL!"
—Pfc. Sam Dubin



"LOOK, FELLAS, I'M A CIVILIAN!"
—Sgt. Tom Zibelli

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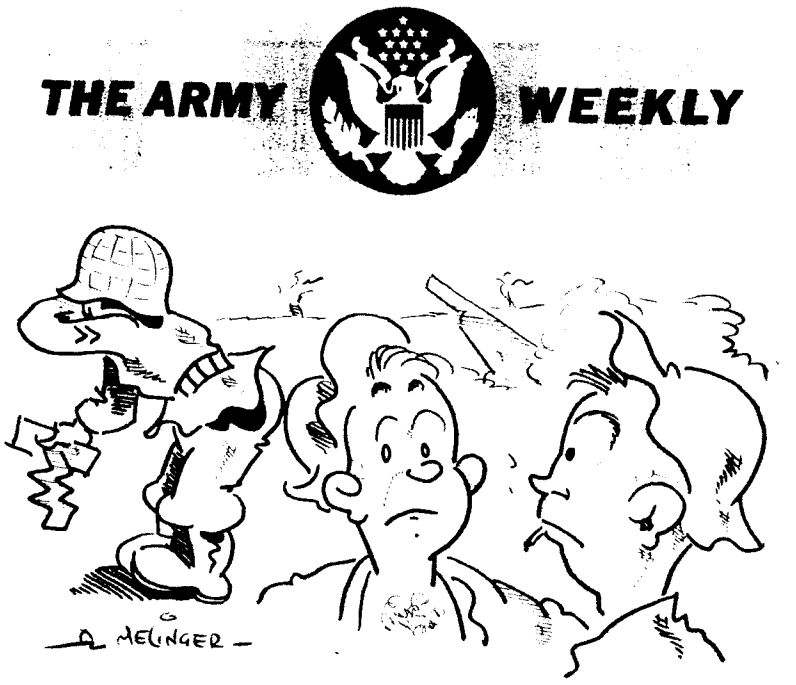
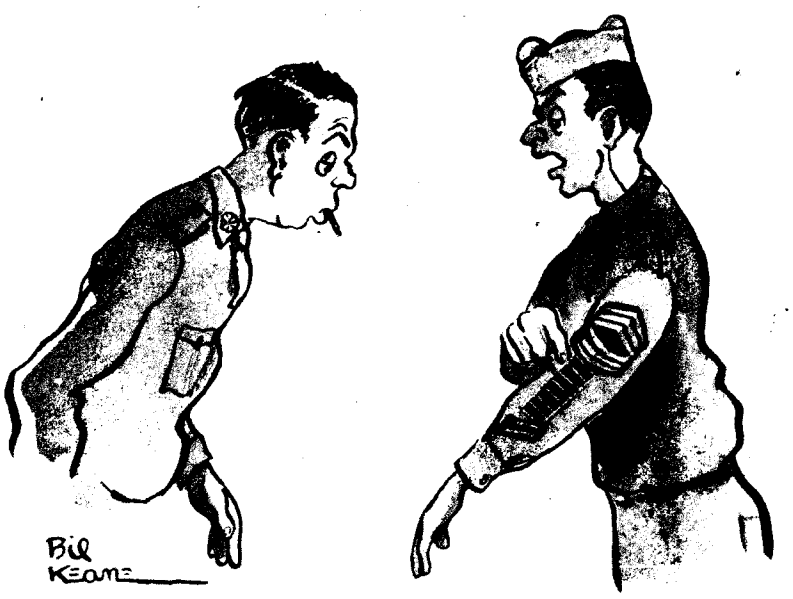
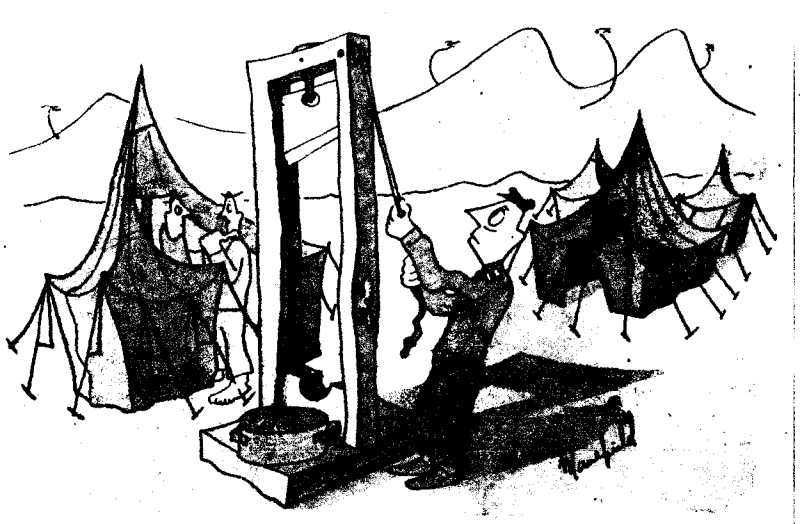


"ERNIE PYLE MISSPELLED HIS NAME."
—Sgt. Al Melinger



"SO WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO—ROTATE ME OR BUST ME?"
—Pfc. Bill Keane



"OH, IT'S SOME NEW IDEA HE'S GOT FOR COMPANY PUNISHMENT."
—Pvt. Walter Mansfield

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